



Portrait of the Earl of Rochester
(after the original by Sir Peter Paul Rubens)
JOHN Earl of ROCHESTER.



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R. White sculp.

The R. H. John
 Baron of the
 England & Ireland
 William of the
 of the
 Oct 20 1780



*The R.^h Hon.^{ble} John
Baron Wilmot
England & Viscount
in Ireland. Born 4. 1650*



*Earle of Rochester
of Adderbury in
Wilmot of Atholne
Died 26 July 1680*

POEMS, &c.

ON

Several Occasions :

WITH

VALENTINIAN,
A

TRAGEDY.

Written by the

Right Honourable

JOHN

Late EARL of

ROCHESTER.

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's Head in
Chancery-Lane near Fleet-Street, 1691.

POEMS, &c.

BY

VALERIAN
R. A. GEDY.

A

JOHN

ROCHESTER

1861

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

By Thos. Rymer

Amongst the Ancients, Horace deservedly bears the Name from 'em all, for Occasional Poems. Many of which were addressed to Pollio, Mecenas, and Augustus, the greatest Men, and the best Judges, and all his Poetry over-look'd by them. This made him of the Temper not to part with a Piece over hastily; but to bring his Matters to a Review, to cool a little, and think twice before it went out of his Hands.

On the contrary, My Lord Rochester was loose from all Discipline of that kind. He found no Body of Quality or Severity so much above himself, to

The PREFACE

Challenge a Deference, or to Check the ordinary Licences of Youth, and impose on him the Obligation to copy over again, what on any Occasion had not been so exquisitely design'd.

Nor did he live long enough for Maturing and cool Reflections. He was born (as in his Life, Dr. Burnet tells us) in 1648. and died 1680. At which Age of 32 Years, Horace had done no wonders, nor had attain'd to that Curiosa Foelicitas, which so fairly distinguish'd him afterwards.

Neither had Virgil himself, at that Age, ventur'd out of the Woods, or attempted any thing beyond the Roundelays and Conversation of Damon and Amaryllis.

Nor indeed, when My Lord came to appear in the World, was Poetry, at Court, under any good Aspect, unless it was notably flourish'd with Rhetoric and Debauch: which could not but prove of fatal Consequence to a Wit of his Gentleness and Complaisance.

Far be it from me to insinuate any thing like a Comparison with the Ancients. Only we may observe that no Style or Turn of Thought came in this way that he was not ready to improve. Some thing of Ovid he render'd into English, which is almost a Verbal Translation,

to the READER.

Translation that matches the Original. He has Paraphras'd something of Lucretius and Seneca; and in his Verses on the * Cup, he gives * p. 51. us Anacreon with the same Air and Gaiety: what is added falls in so proper and so easie, one might question whether My Lord Rochester imitates Anacreon, or Anacreon humours My Lord Rochester.

The Satyr upon Man is commonly taken to be a Translation from Boileau. The French have ordinarily compar'd their Ronsards and their Malherbes with Virgil and Horace; Boileau understands better. He has gone furthest to purge out that Chaff and Trifling so familiar in the French Poetry, and to settle a Traffick of good Sense amongst them. It may not be amiss to see some Lines of Boileau and of My Lord Rochester together, on the same Subject.

The PREFACE

A Monsieur M---

Docteur de Sorb.

DE tous les animaux qui s'elevent dans
l'Air,
Qui marchent sur la Terre, au nagent dans la
Mer,
De Paris, au Perou, du Japon insqu' à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.
Quoi, dirat on d'abord, un ver, une fourmi,
Un insecte rampant qui ne vit qu' à demi,
Un taureau qui rûmine, une cheure qui broute,
Ont l'Esprit mieux tourné que n'a l'homme ?
ouï sans doute.
Ce discours te surprend, Docteur, je l'ap-
perçois :
L'Homme de la Nature est le Chef & le Roy :
Bois, Prez, Champs, Animaux, tout est pour
son usage ;
Et lui seul u, dis-tu, la raison en partage
Il est vrai, de tout temps la raison fut son lot,
Mais delà je conclus que l'Homme est le plus
SOT.

to the **READER.**

In English,

By Mr. Oldham.

OF all the Creatures in the world that be,
Beast, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim,
or fly,

Throughout the Globe from *London*, to *Japan*,
The arrant'st Fool in my Opinion's Man.

What (strait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,

A tiny Mite which we can hardly see

Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,

Or freakish Ape? dare you affirm that these

Have greater Sense than Man? Ay, question-
less.

Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this discourse;

Man is, you cry, Lord of the Universe;

For him was this fair frame of Nature made,

And all the Creatures for his Use and Aid;

To him alone of all the Living kind,

Has bounteous Heav'n the reasoning gift as-
sign'd.

True, Sir, that Reason always was his Lot;

But thence I argue Man the greater Sort.

By

THE PREFACE.

By My Lord Rochester, thus,

Were I (who, to my Cost, already am,
One of those strange, prodigious
Creatures, Man)
A spirit, free to chuse for my own share,
What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to
wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being Rational.

It might vex a patient Reader, should I go about
very minutely to shew the Difference here betwixt
these two Authors: 'tis sufficient to set them together.
My Lord Rochester gives us another Cast
of Thought, another Turn of Expression, a strength
a Spirit, and Manly Vigour, which the French
are utter strangers to. Whatever Giant Boileau
may be in his own Country, He seems little more
than a Man of Straw with my Lord Rochester.

What the former had expounded in a long-winded
Circumference of Fourteen Lines, is here most
pily express'd within half the Compass. What would
might

TO THE READER.

might that single Couplet [A Spirit free, &c.]
make for one that dare to dilate; some able Commentator
would hammer out of it all Plato, St. Origen,
and Virgil too, in the Bargain.

Whosoever has imitated or Translated, was Lost
to him. He had a Treasure of his own; a Mine
not to be exhausted. His own Oar and Thoughts
were rich and fine. His own Stamp and Expression
more near and beautiful than any he cou'd borrow or
fetch from abroad.

No Imagination cou'd bound or prescribe whither
his Flights would carry him: were the Subject light,
you find him a Philosopher, grave and profound, to
wonder: were the Subject lumpish and heavy, then
wou'd his Mercury dissolve all into Gaity and Diver-
sion. You wou'd take his Monkey for a Man of
Metaphysics; and his * Gondibert * p. 100.
he sends with all that Grimace to demolish Win-
dows; or do some, the like Important Mis-
chief.

But, after all, what must be done for the Fair
Sex? They confess a delicious Garden, but are told
that Venus has her share in the Ornamental part
and Imagery. They are afraid of some Cupid, that
levels

The PREFACE, &c.

levels at the next tender Dame that stands fair in the way; and must not expect a Diana or Hippolytus on every Pedestal.

For this matter the Publisher assures us, he has been diligent out of Measure, and has taken exceeding Care that every Block of Offence should be removed.

So that this Book is a Collection of such Pieces only, as may be received in a vertuous Court, and not unbecome the Cabinet of the Severeſt Matron.

POEMS

A
PASTORAL,

In Imitation of the
GREEK of MOSCHUS;
Bewailing the

DEATH

Of the EARL of
ROCHESTER.

Mourn all ye Groves, in darker shades be seen,
Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have
Albion Rivers, weep your Fountains dry, (been :
And all ye Plants your moisture spend and die:
Melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
ament, until you be transform'd agen,
at every Rose pale as the Lily be,
and Winter Frost seize the Anemone :

*

But

But thou, O Hyacinth, more vigorous grow,
In mournful Letters thy sad glory show,
Enlarge thy grief, and flourish in thy wo:
For Bion, the beloved Bion's dead,
His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd
 Herse,
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse

Mourn ye sweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the sad News to all the British Floods:

See it to Isis, and to Cham convey'd,
To Thames, to Humber, and to utmost Tweed:

And bid them waft the bitter tidings on,
How Bion's dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of Graceful Song.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd
 Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,
Pine with sad grief and droop your sickly Wings:

In doleful notes the heavy loss bewail,
Such as you sing at your own Funeral,
Such as you sung when your lov'd Orpheus fell.

Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the British Nymphs and Swains,

And bid them too the dismal tydings spread,
Of Bion's fate, of England's Orpheus dead.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

No more, alas ! no more that lovely Swain
Harms with his tuneful Pipe the wond'ring Plain :

Ceas't are those Lays, ceas't are those sprightly airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears :

For which the list'ning streams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive branches down,

While the glad Hills, loth the sweet sounds to lose,
Lengthen'd in Echoes every heav'nly close,

Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to Lethe's Banks reports his moan :

*Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now,
But pensive Herds that for their Master low;
Stragling and comfortless about they rove,
Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.*

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd

Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse

*For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much lov'd Son,
Does Phœbus Clouds of mourning black put on :
For thee the Satyrs and the rustick Fauns,
Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns :
For thee the Fairies grieve, and cease to dance,
In sportful Rings by night upon the Plains :
The Water Nymphs alike thy absence mourn,
And all their Springs to tears and sorrow turn :
Sad Echo too does in deep silence moan,
Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown :
She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,
Now thy sweet breath's stopt by untimely fate :
Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its Autumn fall :*

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
 And scorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead:
 Their bleating Flocks no more their Odds fill,
 The painful Bees neglect their wonted toil:
 What boots it now their Hives to store
 With the rich spoils of every plunder'd Flower,
 When thou that wast all sweetness, art no more?

Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
 Herse.

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ne'er did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
 In such loud plaints utter their grief before;
 Never in such sad Notes did Philomel
 To the relenting Rocks her sorrow tell:
 Ne'er on the Beach did poor Alcyone
 So weep, when she her floating Lover saw:
 Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fold turn'd,
 Upon those Waves, where he was drown'd, so mourn'd:
 Nor did the Bird of Memnon with such grief
 Bedew those Albes, which late gave him life:

As they did now with vying grief bewail,

As they did all lament dear Bion's fall.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's

Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse

In every Wood, on every Tree and Bush

The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingal, and Thrush,

And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng;

In list'ning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song;

Now each in the sad Consort bear a part,

And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:

Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here assist,

Let not your Murmurs in the crowd be mist;

To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,

That taught you how to sing, and how to love.

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's

Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse,

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,

That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?

*Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Rasbly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand ?
Thy Notes remain yet fresh in every ear,
And give us all delight, and all despair :
Pleas'd Echo still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling Reeds their sounds repeat.
Pan only e'er can equal thee in Song,
That task does only to great Pan belong :
But Pan himself perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Fair Galatea too laments thy death,
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath :
Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore
To hear thy artful measures from the shore :
Nct harsh like the rude Cyclops were thy lays,
Whose grating sounds did her soft ears displease :
Such was the force of thy enchanting Tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy Song,*

*And chid the hours, that did so swiftly run,
And thought the Sun too hasty to go down,
Now does that lovely Nereid for thy sake
The Sea, and all her fellow Nymphs forsake :
Pensive upon the Beech, she sits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*With thee, sweet Bion, all the grace of Song,
And all the Muses boasted Art is gone :
Mute is thy Voice, which could all hearts command,
Whose power no Shepherdess could e'er withstand :
All the soft weeping Loves about thee moan,
At once their Mothers darling, and their own :
Dearer wast thou to Venus than her Loves,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the last gasping Kisses, which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his breath.*

This, Thames, ah! *this is now the second loss,*
 For which in tears thy weeping Current flows :
 Spencer, the Muses Glory, went before,
 He pass'd long since to the Elyfian shore :
 For him (they say) for him, thy dear lov'd Son,
 Thy Waves did long in sobbing murmurs groan,
 Long fill'd the Sea with their complaint, and moan :
 But now, alas! thou do'st afresh bewail,
 Another Son does now thy sorrow call :
 To part with either thou alike wast loth,
 Both dear to Thee, dear to the Fountains both :
 He largely drank the Rills of sacred Cham,
 And this no less of Isis nobler stream :
 He sung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights,
 Far-fam'd in Battles, and renown'd Exploits :
 This meddled not with bloody Fights, and Wars.
 Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless jays,
 Love's peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares.

A Pastoral on the Death

*Love ever was the subject of his Lays,
And his soft Lays did Venus ever please.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Thou, sacred Bion, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before :
Old Chaucer, who first taught the use of Verse,
No longer has the tribute of our tears :
Milton, whose Muse with such a daring flight
Led out the Warring Seraphims to fight :
Blest Cowley too, who on the banks of Cham
So sweetly sigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame :
And He, whose Song rais'd Cooper's Hill so high,
As made its glory with Parnassus vie :
And soft Orinda, whose bright shining name
Stands next great Sappho's in the ranks of fame :
All now unwept, and unrelented pass,
And in our grief no longer share a place :*

*Bion alone does all our tears engross,
Our tears are all too few for Bion's loss.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Thee all the Herdsmen mourn in gentlest Lays,
And rival one another in thy praise :*

*In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the same :*

*Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherds Song :*

*Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tender'st, and his mournfull'st airs,*

*And I, the meanest of the British Swains,
Amongst the rest offer these humble strains :*

If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song.

'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching tongue :

*Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful breath
Thou didst by Will to worthless me bequeath :*

*Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didst thy Pipe, and Skill vouchsafe.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*Alas! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,
Were we to so severe a lot design'd?*

*The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,
Which must ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow:*

*Ton Sun, and this bright glory of the day,
Which night is hasting now to snatch away,
Shall rise anew more shining and more gay:*

*But wretched we must harder measure find,
The great'st, the brav'st, the witt'st of mankind,
When Death has once put out their light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of Life again:*

*In the dark Grave insensible they lie,
And there sleep out endless Eternity.*

*There thou to silence ever art confin'd,
While less deserving Swains are left behind :
So please the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull Mævius go :
Mævius still lives; still let him live for me,
He, and his Pipe shall ne'er my envy be :
None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy Artful Tongue,
Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song.*

*Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,*

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd Bion hence, and stopp'd his hallow'd breath :
A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,
That sacred heat which did his breast inspire ;
Ah ! what malignant ill could boast that pow'r,
Which his sweet voice's Magick could not cure ?
Ah cruel Fate ! how could'st thou chuse but spare ?
How could'st thou exercise thy rigour here ?
Would thou hadst thrown thy dart at worthless me,
And let this dear, his valued life go free :*

*Better ten thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.*

Come, all ye *Muses*, come, adorn the Shepherd's
Herse,

With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ah! would kind death alike had sent me hence ;

But grief shall do the work, and save its pains ;

Grief shall accomplish my desired doom,

And soon dispatch me to Elifium :

There, Bion, would I be, there gladly know,

How with thy voice thou charm'st the shades below.

Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy strains divine,

Such as may melt the fierce Elysian Queen :

She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful strains :

And sung and danc'd on the Sicilian Plains :

Fear not, thy Song should unsuccessful prove,

Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddess move :

She once was won by Orpheus heav'nly Lays,

And gave his fair Eurydice release.

And

*And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again.*

Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel,

Would try the utmost of my voice and skill,

Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

And thus we part, (and you are gone)
Shall bring the day to which I live
And I am all your own
I should try the utmost of my voice
I would try to move the King of Kings

P O E M S, &c.

On

Several Occasions.

B

P O E M S

Or

Several Occasions

B

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Strephon *and* Daphne.

Strephon.

PRithee now, fond Fool, give o're ;

Since my heart is gone before,

To what purpose thou'd I stay ?

Love Commands another way.

B 2

Daphne.

Daphne.

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the time
 When Dissembling was your Crime.
 In pity now employ that Art
 Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

Strephon.

Women can with pleasure feign:

Men dissemble still with pain.

What advantage will it prove

If I lye, who cannot love?

Daphne.

Tell me then the Reason why,
 Love from Hearts in love does fly?
 Why the Bird will build a Nest,
 Where he ne're intends to rest?

Strephon.

Strephon

Love, like other little Boys,
Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys;
Which, when gain'd, in Childish Play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

Daphne.

Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
Love does nothing by degrees:
Basely flying when most priz'd,
Meanly fawning when despis'd:
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
All his Woes severe Extrems.

Strepbon.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
 Love, like us, must Fate obey.
 Since 'tis Nature's Law to Change,
 Constancy alone is strange.
 See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
 Next in Storms of Thunder speak;
 Till a kind Rain from above
 Makes a Calm——so 'tis in love.
 Flames begin our first Address,
 Like meeting Thunder we embrace;
 Then you know the Show'rs that fall
 Quench the fire, and quiet all.

Daphne.

How shou'd I these Show'rs forget,
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet;

They

On several Occasions.

8

They kill'd Love, I knew it well,
I dy'd all the while they fell.

Say at least what *Nymph* it is
Robs my Breast of so much Bliss?
If she is fair I shall be eas'd,
Thro' my Ruine you'll be pleas'd.

Strephon.

Daphne never was so fair:

Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.

Gentle, Innocent, and Free,

Ever pleas'd with only me.

Many Charms my Heart enthal,

But there's one above 'em all:

With aversion she does flye

Tedious, trading, Constancy.

B 4

Daphne.

They kill'd Love, I knew it well,

Daphne.

Cruel Shepherd ! I submit ;

Do what Love and you think fit :

Change is Fate, and not Design,

Say you wou'd have still been mine.

Strephon.

Nymph, I cannot : 'tis too true,

Change has greater Charms than you.

Be, by my Example, wife,

Faith to Pleasure sacrifice.

Daphne.

Silly *Swain*, I'll have you know,

'Twas my practice long ago :

Whilst you Vainly thought me true,

I was false in scorn of you.

By

On several Occasions.

9

By my Tears, my Heart's disguise,

I thy Love and thee despise.

Woman-kind more Joy discovers

Making Fools, than keeping Lovers.

B E T W E E N

Alexis and Stephen.

~~Written at the Bath in the year 1671~~

Alexis

A

Here sits not on the hill

So late a lover as I

~~search'd up with Love from youth and~~

Of killing Sweetness I complain

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10 P O E M S

A
Pastoral Dialogue

B E T W E E N

Alexis and Strephon.

Written at the Bath, in the Year, 1674.

Alexis.

THere fighs not on the Plain
So lost a Swain as I;
Scorch'd up with Love, Froz'n with disdain,
Of killing Sweetness I complain.

Streph.

On several Occasions.

III

Strephon.

If 'tis *Corrinna*, dye.
Since first my dazled Eyes were thrown

On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds rob'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frightened, and undone,

I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by some Cruel Powers above,
So nice she is, and fair;

None from undoing can remove,
Since all, who are not Blind, must Love;
Who are not vain, Despair.

Alexis.

The Gods no sooner give a Grace,
But, fond of their own Art,

Severely

Severely Jealous, ever place
To guard the Glories of a Face,
A Dragon in the Heart.

Proud and Ill-natur'd Pow'rs they are,

Who, peevish to Mankind,

For their own Honour's sake, with care,

Make a sweet Form Divinely fair,

Then add a cruel Mind.

Strepson.

Since she's insensible of Love,

By Honour taught to hate,

If we, forc'd by Decrees above,

Must sensible to Beauty prove,

How Tyrannous is Fate?

Alexis.

Alexis.

I to the *Nymph* have never nam'd
The cause of all my pain.

Strepban.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd,
For since to serve we're not aham'd,
Why should she blush to Reign?

Alexis.

But if her haughty Heart despise

My humble proffer'd one;

The Just Compassion she denies,

I may obtain from others Eyes;

Hers are not fair alone,

Devouring Flames require new Food;

My

My Heart's consum'd almost:
 New Fires must kindle in her Blood,
 Or Mine go out, and that's as good.

Strephon.

Would'st live, when Love is lost?
 Be dead before thy Passion dies;
 For if thou should'st survive,
 What Anguish would the Heart surprize,
 To see her Flames begin to rise,
 And Thine no more Alive.

Alexis.

Rather what Pleasure should I meet
 In my Tryumphant Scorn,
 To see my Tyrant at my Feet;
 While taught by her, unmov'd I sit
 A Tyrant in my Turn.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Ungentle Shepherd! Cease, for shame,

Which way can you pretend

To merit so Divine a Flame,

Who to dull Life make a mean Claim,

When Love is at an end?

As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,

Love to my Soul doth cling;

When torn by the Herd's greedy Taste,

The injur'd Plants feel they're defac't,

They wither in the Spring.

My rifled Love would soon retire,

Dissolving into Air,

Shou'd I that Nymph cease to admire,

Blest in whose Arms I will expire,

Or at her Feet despair.

E H T

The Advice.

ALL things submit themselves to your Com-
 Fair *Cælia*, when it does not Love withstand;
 The Power it borrows from your Eyes alone;
 All but the God must yield to, who has none.
 Were he not blind, such are the Charms you have,
 He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave:
 Be Proud to act a Mortal Hero's part,
 And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart.
 But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,
 In different Bands subjected Slaves, and Kings:
 Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,
 while we enjoy the Freedom to Obey.
 That Fate like you resistless does ordain,
 To Love, that over Beauty he shall Reign.

On several Occasions.

17

By Harmony the Universe does move,
And what is Harmony but Mutual Love?
Who would resist an Empire so Divine,
Which Universal Nature does enjoyn?
See Gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either side.
While in their Crystal Streams at once they show,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow:
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their desires;
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful Fires;
And with such Passion, that if any Force
Stop or molest them in their Amorous Course;
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o're
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.
Submit then, *Cælia*, e're you be reduc'd;
For Rebels, vanquish'd once, are vilely us'd.

C

Beauty's

Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love
 Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve:
 Sailing by sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends
 Courtships from foreign Hearts, for your own ends.
 Cherish the Trade, for as with *Indians* we
 Get Gold, and Jewels, for our Trumpery:
 So to each other, for their useless Toys,
 Lovers afford whole Magazins of Joys.
 But if you are fond of Bawbles, be, and starve,
 Your Guegaw Reputation still preserve:
 Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,
 Foregoing Sense for a Fantastick Name.

THE

T H E

Discovery.

CÆlia, that faithful Servant you disown,
Would in obedience keep his Love his own:
But bright Ideas, such as you inspire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My Heart at home in my own Breast did dwell,
Like humble Hermit in a Peaceful Cell.
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.
Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades
The Sacred Quiet of those Hallow'd Shades.
His fatal Flames shine out to every Eye,
Like blazing Comets in a Winter Skie.
How can my Passion merit your Offence,
That Challenges so little Recompence:

For I am one, born only to admire ;

Too humble e're to hope, scarce to desire.

A thing whose Bliss depends upon your Will,

Who wou'd be proud you'd deign to use him

Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,

My fruitless Sighs, and my unpitied Pain.

Let me but ever love, and ever be

Th' Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.

Since so much Scorn does in your Breast reside

Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.

Kill all you strike, and trample on their Graves

But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves :

When in the Croud yours undistinguish'd lies,

You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.

Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find

More Mercy, than your Anger has design'd :

But *Love* has carefully design'd for me,

The last Perfection of Misery.

On several Occasions.

21

For to my State the Hopes of Common Peace,
Which every Wretch enjoys in Death, must cease:
My worst of Fates attend me in my Grave,
Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.

C 3

W O-

Womans HONOUR.

A SONG.

1.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd ;
Phillis continu'd still unkind :

Then you may e'en despair, He said,
 In vain I strive to change her mind.

2.

Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
 Durst he but venture once abroad,
 In my own right I'de take your part,
 And shew my self a Mightier God.

3.

This Huffing *Honour* domineers
 In Breasts, where he alone has place ;

But

But if true Gen'rous *Love* appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

4.

Let me still languish, and complain,
Be most inhumanely deny'd:
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

5.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a Wretch for *Honour's* sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

6.

Consider *Real Honour* then,
You'll find *Hers* cannot be the same;
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean mistrustful Shame.

C 4

Grecian

Gecian K I N D N E S S.
A S O N G.

^{I.}
THE utmost Grace the *Greeks* could shew,
When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their lingring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

^{2.}
There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love;
This clapt his Wings, that press'd his Vine,
And their best Pow'rs united move.
While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

The MISTRESS.

A SONG.

AN Age in her Embraces past,

Would seem a Winters day ;

Where Life and Light, with envious shaft,

Are torn and snatch'd away

But, oh how slowly Minutes rowl,

When absent from her Eyes ;

That feed my Love, which is my Soul,

It languishes and dyes

For then no more a Soul but shade

It mournfully does move ;

And

And haunts my Breast, by absence made
The living Tomb of Love.

4.

You Wiser men despise me not;
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,
On Shades of Souls, and Heaven knows what;
Short Ages live in Graves.

When e'er those wounding Eyes, so full
Of Sweetness, you did see;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

6.

Nor Censure us You who perceive
My best belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, Complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

Alas!

On several Occasions.

27

7.

Alas! 'tis Sacred Jealousie,

Love rais'd to an Extream;

The only Proof 'twixt her and me,

We love, and do not dream.

8.

Fantastick Fancies fondly move;

And in frail Joys believe:

Taking false Pleasure for true Love;

But Pain can ne're deceive.

9.

Kind Jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,

And Anxious Cares, when past;

Prove our Hearts Treasure fixt and dear,

And make us blest at last.

A S O N G.

Absent from thee I languish still,

Then ask me not, when I return :

The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,

To wish all Day, all Night to Mourne.

Dear ; from thine Arms then let me flie,

That my Fantastick mind may prove,

The Torments it deserves to try,

That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

When wearied with a world of Woe,

To thy safe Bosom I retire

Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,

May I contented there expire.

On several Occasions.

29

4

Left once more wandering from that Heav'n;
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, False, unforgiv'n,
And lose my Everlasting rest.

W

TO

To Corinna.

A S O N G.

I.

W^Hat Cruel pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmless frown:
When not one Charm her Face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

2.

So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,
Such Eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas ! the silly Art
Virtue had ill design'd.

3.

Poor feeble Tyrant ! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,

Against

On several Occasions.

31

Against kind Nature to maintain

Affected Rules of Honour.

4.

The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,

When I plead Passion to her,

That much she fears, (but more she loves,)

Her Vassal should undo her.

A SONG of a young LADY.

To her Ancient Lover.

A Ncient Person, for whom I,
All the flattering Youth defy;
Long be it e're thou grow Old,
Aking, shaking, Crazy Cold.
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

2.

On thy withered Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lye;
Brooding Kisses I will pour,
Shall thy youthful Heart restore.

Such

Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a second Spring recall :
Nor from thee will ever part,
Antient Person of my Heart.

3.

Thy Nobler part, which but to name
In our Sex wou'd be counted shame,
By Ages frozen grasp posselt,
From their Ice shall be releast :
And, sooth'd by my reviving hand,
In former Warmth and Vigor stand.
All a Lover's wish can reach,
For thy Joy my Love shall teach :
And for thy Pleasure shall improve,
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet still I love thee without Art,
Antient Person of my Heart.

D

A

A S O N G.

1.

P*Hillis* be gentler, I advise;
Make up for time mispent.
When Beauty on its Death-bed lyes,
'Tis high time to repent.

2.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon ;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e're begun.

3.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose Stars contrive in spight ;
The Morning of her love should be,
Her fading Beauties Night.

4. Then

4.

Then if, to make your ruine more,
You'll pcevishly be coy,
Dye with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

D 2

TO

To a Lady :

IN A

LETTER.

I.

SUCH perfect Bliss, fair *Cloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis pity restless Jealousie
Should mingle with our Love.

2.

Let us, since Wit has taught us how,
Raise Pleasure to the Top:
You Rival Bottle must allow,
I'll suffer Rival Fop.

3. This

3.

Think not in this that I design
A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine
I leave my *Cloris* Arms.

4.

Since you have that, for all your haste,
At which I'll ne'er repine,
Will take it's Liquor off as fast,
As I can take off mine.

5.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town:
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
Him out to be your own.

6.

Nor do you think it worth your care
How empty, and how dull,

The heads of your Admirers are,

So that their Bags be full.

7.

All this you freely may confess,

Yet we ne're disagree :

For did you love your Pleasure less,

You were no Match for me.

8.

Whilst I, my Pleasure to pursue,

Whole nights am taking in

The lusty Juice of Grapes, take you

The Juice of lusty Men.

THE

The Fall.

A S O N G.

I.

HOW blest was the Created State
Of Man and Woman e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy Fate,
We need not fear another Hell!

2.

Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,
Enjoyment waited on desire:
Each Member did their Wills obey,
Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher.

D 4

3. But

3.

But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,
Are never of our Joys secure:
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull Delights endure.

4.

Then, *Cloris*, while I Duty pay,
The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,
Be not You so severe to say,
You love me for a frailer part.

LOVE

6

L O V E and L I F E.
A S O N G.

1.

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o're,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

2.

The Time that is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

3. Then

3.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle, can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

A

A S O N G.

i.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing;

In Raptures of a blest amaze,

His pleasing happy Ruine:

'Tis not for pity that I move;

His Fate is too aspiring,

Whose Heart, broke with a load of Love,

Dies wishing and admiring.

2.

But if this Murder you'd forego,

Your Slave from Death removing;

Let me your Art of Charming know,

Or learn you mine of Loving.

But

44 P O E M S

But whether Life, or Death, betide,
 In love 'tis equal Measure,
 The Victor lives with empty Pride ;
 The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

A S O N G.

I.

Love a Woman ! you're an Ass,
 'Tis a most insipid Passion ;
 To chuse out for your happiness,
 The silliest part of God's Creation.

2.

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
 Things design'd for dirty Slaves ;
 Drudge in fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
 To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

3. Farewell

3.

Farewell Woman: I intend

Henceforth, every night, to sit

With my lewd well natur'd Friend:

Drinking to engender Wit.

4.

Then give me Health, Wealth, and Wine;

And, if busie love intrenches,

There's a soft young Page of mine,

Does the trick worth forty Wenches.

A

A SONG.

TO this Moment a Rebel, I throw down
my Arms,

Great *Lowe*, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright
Charms:

Made proud, and secure, by such Forces as these,
You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you
please.

2.

When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire:
Why should I decline what I cannot avoid?
And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd.

3. Her

3.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why shou'd it pursue me?
And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend,
Then what room for Despair since Delight is
Love's end.

4.

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where Love is secur'd by good Nature and Truth:
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure com-
plain:

While ev'ry kind look adds a link to my Chain.

5.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her Wit leads in Triumph the Slave of her
Eyes:

I beheld, with the loss of my Freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

6.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak:
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.
Help, *Love*, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms;
At the thought of those Joys I shou'd meet in
her Arms.

UPON

Upon his Leaving his
MISTRESS.

1.

TIs not that I'm weary grown

Of being yours, and yours alone:

But with what Face can I incline,

To damn you to be only mine?

You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,

By merit, and by inclination,

The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

2.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,

With humbler aims their thoughts perplex:

E

And

And boast, if, by their Arts, they can
 Contrive to make *one* happy Man.
 While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,
 Favours, like Nautre, you dispencc,
 With Universal Influence.

3.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth:
 On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all.
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind;
 And be the Mistress of Mankind.

UPON

Upon drinking in a
B O W L.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,

As *Nestor* us'd of old.

Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,

Damask it round with Gold.

2.

Make it so large that, fill'd with Sack

Up to the swelling Brim,

Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,

Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

3.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek,

With War I've nought to do:

Am none of those that took *Mastrick*,

Nor *Tarmouth* Leaguer knew.

E 2

4. Let

4.

Let it no name of Planets tell,
Fixt Stars, or Constellations :
For I am no Sir *Sindrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

5.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine ;
Then add two lovely Boys ;
Their Limbs in amorous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

6.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign :
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Love again.

A S O N G.

AS *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a Youthful Shepherd brought,
To pass the time away.

2.
She blusht to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous Swain:
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her down again.

3.
A sudden passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spite of her disdain;
She found a Pulse in every part,
And Love in every Vein.

E 3

4. Ah!

4.

Ah! Youth (said she) what Charms are these,
That conquer and surprise?

Ah let me——for unless you please,
I have no pow'r to rise.

5.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply:
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the lye.

6.

Thus she whom Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train;
Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

A S O N G.

I.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my Heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your Captive still.
Ah! be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and would not dye.

2.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
 Kindness only can perswade;
 It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
 And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.

The ANSWER,

I,

Nothing adds to your fond Fire
 More than Scorn, and cold disdain;
 I, to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but t'was in vain.

2.

You insisted on your Slave,
 Humble Love you soon refus'd:

Which

On several Occasions.

57

Which ingloriously you us'd.

Hope not then a Pow'r to have,

Think not, *Thirfe*, I will ere,

By my love my Empire lose:

You grow constant through despair,

Love return'd you wou'd abuse.

4.

Though you still possess my Heart,

Scorn and Rigour I must feign:

Ah! forgive that only Art,

Love has left your Love to gain.

5.

You that could my heart subdue,

To new Conquests ne're pretend:

Let

Let the Example make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

6.

Then, if e're I should complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all the pow'ful Charms,
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

A S O N G.

To *Cloris*.

I.

Fair *Cloris* in a Pig-Stye lay,
Her tender Herd lay by her;
She slept, in murmuring gruntlings they,
Complaining of the scorching Day,
Her slumbers thus inspire.

2.

She dreamt, while she with careful pains,
Her Snowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains,
Thus hasting to her cry'd.

3. Fly

3.

Flie, Nymph, oh! flie, e're 'tis too late,
A dear lov'd life to save:

Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

4.

My self had try'd, to set him free,

Rather than brought the News:

But I am so abhor'd by thee,
That ev'n thy Darlings life from me,
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

5.

Struck with the News, as quick she flies

As blushes to her Face:

Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,

Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,

Move half so swift a pace.

6. This

6.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave
Had laid against her Honour:
Which not one God took care to save,
For he pursues her to the Cave,
And throws himself upon her.

7.

Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken amorous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting moan,
Just in the happy minute.

CON-

Constancy.

A S O N G.

1.

I Cannot change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn:
 Since that poor Swain thar fights for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move
 A surer way I'll try:
 And to revenge my slighted Love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and dye.

2.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lies;
 And you to mind shall call,

The

On several Occasions.

63

The Sighs that now unpitied rise,

The Tears that vainly fall.

That welcome hour that ends this smart,

Will then begin your pain;

For such a faithful tender Heart

Can never break, can never break in Vain.

A S O N G

MY dear Mistress has a Heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
 When with Love's restless Art,
 And her Eyes she did enslave me.

But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild, and apt to wander;
 That my jealous Heart wou'd break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

2.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Blissess;
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all Mankinds wonder:
 But my jealous Heart would break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

A

L E T T E R,

From

A R T E M I S A

In the Town,

To C L O E

In the Country.

C L O E, by your command, in Verse I write:

Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight:
Such Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous Poetry.

F

Among

Among the men, I mean the men of Wit,
 (At least they pass for such before they writ)
 How many bold Advent'urers for the Bays,
 Proudly designing large returns of praise;
 Who durst that stormy, pathless, World explore;
 Were soon dash'd back, and wreckt on the dull
 Broke of that little stock they had before. (shore)
 How wou'd a Womans, tott'ring, Barque be tost,
 Where stoutest Ships (the Men of Wit) are lost:
 When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise:
 And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear *Artemisa*! Poetry's a Snare:

Bedlam has many Mansions: have a care:

Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad:

You think your self inspir'd: He thinks you mad.

Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,

To make your self the Fiddle of the Town.

To find th' ill-humour'd pleasure at their need:
Curst when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed
Thus, like an arrant Woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame;
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poetess.——

Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woo,
Because 'tis the very worst thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction, and the sin,
Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin.

I expect to hear, at least, what Love has past
In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and
whether

The old ones last, and who and who's together
But how, my dearest *Cloe*, shou'd I set
My Pen to write, what I wou'd fain forget?

Or name that lost thing *Love*, without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred-Customs here?

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind:

The softest Refuge Innocence can find:

The safe Director of unguided Youth:

Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:

That Cordial drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,

To make the nauseous draught of life go down:

On which one only blessing God might raise,

In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:

For none did e're so dull, and stupid, prove;

But felt a God, and blest his Pow'r in Love:

This only Joy, for which poor we were made,

Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade:

The Rooks creep in, and it has got, of late,

As many little Cheats, and Tricks, as that.

But, what yet more a Womans heart wou'd vex

'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex:

Our silly Sex, who born like Monarchs, free,
Turn Gipsies for a meaner Liberty ;
And hate Restraint, tho' but from Infamy:
They call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's advice,
Forfake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love; the passion is forgot.
Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;
And ev'n without approving they desire,
Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice,
Twixt good and bad whimsey decides, not choice.
Fashions grow up for taste, at Forms they strike ;
They know what they wou'd have, not what they
like.

Bovv's a Beauty, if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that degree
Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,
Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own Skill,
At his request, though much against his Will,
To come to *London*——
As the Coach stopt I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great bellied Woman's in a Croud;
Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
He, for some hours, obsequiously retire.
I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,
Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant had been,
Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in.

Dispatch

Dispatch, says she, the business you pretend;
Your beastly visit to your drunken Friend;
A Bottle ever makes you look so fine:
Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine.
Your Country drinking Breath's enough to kill:
Sour Ale corrected with a Lemmon Pill.
Prithee farewell: we'll meet again anon.
The necessary Thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show
That fifty Antick Postures will allow,
And then burst out—Dear Madam, am not I
The strangest, alter'd, Creature: let me dye
I find my self ridiculously grown,
Embarrass'd with my being out of Town:
Rude and untaught like any Indian Queen;
My Country Nakedness is strangely seen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the state;
And pray who are the men most worn of late.

When I was marri'd Fools were all-a-mode;
The men of Wit were then held incommode:
Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,
Who, e're they'l be perswaded, must enquire;
As if they came to spie, not to admire
With searching-wisdom, fatal to their ease,
They still find out why, what may, shou'd not
please:

Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
Make 'em think better of us than we are:
And, if we hide our Frailties from their sights,
Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites:
'They little guess, who at our Arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd.
Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What, being known, creates their certain woe.

Women

Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid;
For wonder, by clear knowledge, is destroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant Bird of night,
Bold in the dusk, before a Fools dull light,
Must flie, when reason brings the glaving light;
But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us, his Follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our desire;
Vain of his proper Merit, He, with ease,
Believes we love him best who best can please;
On him our gross, dull, common Flatteries pass;
Ever most happy when most made an Ass:
Heavy to apprehend; though all Mankind
Perceive us false, the Fop, himself, is blind.
Who, doating on himself,——
Thinks every one that sees him of his mind.
These are true Womens Men—here, forc'd to cease
Through want of breath, not will to hold her peace;
She

She to the Window runs, where she had spi'd
 Her much esteem'd, dear, Friend, the Monkey ty'd:
 With forty smiles, as many antick bows,
 As if't had been the Lady of the House:
 The dirty, chattering, Monster she embrac'd:
 And made it this fine tender speech at last.

Kiss me, thou curious Minature of Man;
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:
 Oh I could live and dye with thee: then on,
 For half an hour, in Complements she ran.
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,
 When this mixt thing into the world she sent,
 So very wise, yet so impertinent. }

One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit
 Shou'd be an Als through choice, not want of Wit.
 Whose Foppery, without the help of sense,
 Cou'd ne're have rose to such an excellence.

Nature's

Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
 As a Philosopher, the very Top,
 And Dignity, of folly we attain
 By studious search, and labour of the Brain:
 By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.
 We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;
 An eminent Fool must be a Fool of parts.
 And such a one was she; who had turn'd o're
 As many Books as Men: lov'd much, read more:
 Had discerning Wit; to her was known
 Ev'ry one's Fault, or Merit, but her own.
 All the good Qualities that ever blest
 A Woman so distinguish'd from the rest,
 Except discretion only, she possess'd.
 But now *Mon Cher* Dear Pug, she cries, adieu;
 And the discourse, broke off, does thus renew.

You

You smile to see me, who the world perchance,
 Mistakes to have some wit, so far advance
 The interest of Fools, that I approve
 Their merit, more than Men of Wit, in love.
 But, in our Set, too many Broofs there are
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.
 This, in my time, was observ'd a Rule,
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.
 The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown
 The jeast, and scorn, of ev'ry Pit Buffoon;
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
 Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes;
 And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.
 A Woman's ne're so ruin'd, but she can
 Be still reveng'd on her undoer, Man:
 How lost foe're She'l find some Lover more,
 A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.

That

That wretched thing *Conscience*, who has run
 Through all the several ways of being undone:
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
 By turning the too dear-bought-gheat on Men,
 Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
 When first the Town her early Beauties knew:
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed:
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:
 Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
 To make her doat upon a man of Wit:
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a day;
 Made his ill-natur'd jeast, and went away.
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken, and oppress'd,
 She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:
 Diseas'd; decay'd, to take up half a Crown
 Must mortgage her Long Scarf, and Manto Gown;
 Poor Creature, who, unheard of, as a Flea,
 In some dark hole must all the Winter lye:

And

And want, and dirt, endure a whole half year,
That, for one month, the Tawdry may appear:
In *Easter Term* she gets her a new Gown;
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town:
From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free;
The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:
Who, with strong Beer and Beef, the Country rules:
And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools:
And now, with careful prospect to maintain
This Character, lest crossing of the Strain
Shou'd mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide
A Cousin of his own to be his Bride:
And thus set out,——
With an Estate, no wit, and a young Wife:
The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's life:
Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:

Nothing

Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own expence.
This o're-grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins,
At the first dash, to make an *Ass* begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The Vanities or Vices of the Town:
Fresh in his youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys which he does seldom prove:
Healthful and strong, he does no pains endure,
But what the Fair One he adores, can cure.
Grateful for favours, does the Sex esteem,
And libels none for being kind to him.
Then of the lewdness of the Town complains,
Rails at the Wits, and Atheists, and maintains
'Tis better than good sense, than Pow'r, or Wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred Puppy, who had never seen
A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine,
Believes,

Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt:
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,
 To buy his Mistress a new House for life:
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.
 And when to th' height of fondness he is grown,
 'Tis time to poyson him, and all's her own.
 Thus, meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
 He leaves her Bastard Heir to his Estate:
 And, as the Race of such an Owl deserves,
 His own dull, lawful, Progeny he starves:
 Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
 But does each Insect to some end ordain)
 Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,
 To patch up Vices Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on two hours, some grains of sense
 Still mixt with vollies of impertinence.

But

But now 'tis time I shou'd some pity show
To *Cloe*, since I cannot chuse but know,
Readers must reap what dullest Writers sow.
By the next Post I will such stories tell,
As, joyn'd to these, shall to a Volume swell;
As true as Heav'n, more infamous than Hell.
But you are tir'd, and so am I,

Farewell.

G A N

A N

Epistolary ESSAY:

From M. G. to O. B.

Upon their Mutual Poems.

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town does so abound
 With saucy Censurers, that Faults are found
 With what, of late, We (in Poetick rage)
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.
 But (howsoe're Envy their spleens may raise,
 To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)
 Their thanks, at least, I merit: since through me
 They are partakers of your Poetry:

And

And this is all I'll say in my defence,
T'obtain one Line of your well-worded sense,
He be content t' have writ the *Brittish Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a Rule I have (upon long trial)
T'avoid with care all sort of self denial,
Which way so'er desire, and fancy lead,
(Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a Pleasure I beget,
No matter though the cens'ring *Criticks* fret.
These whom my *Muse* displeases are at strife,
With equal spleen against my course of life,
The least delight of which I'll not forgo,
For all the flatter'ing praise *Man* can bestow.
If I design'd to please, the way were then,
To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:

The first's unnatural, therefore unfit, as ails but
 And for the second, I despair of it, who minds
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit:
 Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd
 In meer good breeding, like unsav'ry Wind.
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
 But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read, or no.
 If likewise of your smelling it were so,
 I'de fart just as I write for my own ease,
 Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
 I'll own, that you write better than I do,
 But I have as much need to write as you.
 What tho' the Excrements of my dull Brain,
 Flows in a harsh and an insipid strain;
 While your rich head, eases it self of Wit
 Must none but *Civit-Cats* have leave to shit?

In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me.
And that's my end, for Man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e're writ before.
Yet why am I no *Poet* of the times?
I have *Allusions*, *Similies*, and *Rhymes*,
And *Wit*; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none
Unequally the partial hand of *Heav'n*,
Has all but this One only blessing giv'n.
The World appears like a great Family,
Whose Lord, oppress'd with Pride, and Poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may show)
Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain.

Here 'tis profuse, and there it meantly saves;
 And for one Prince, it makes Ten Thousand
 Slaves.

In *Wit*, alone, 't has been Magnificent,
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,
 That the most Avaricious are content.

For none e're thought (the due Division's such)
 His own too little, or his Friend's too much.

Yet most Men shew, or find, great want of *Wit*,
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.

But I, who am of sprightly Vigour full,
 Look on Mankind, as envious, and dull.

Born to my self, I like my self alone;
 And must conclude my Judgment good or none.

For cou'd my Sense be taught, how shou'd I know,
 Whether another Man's were good or no.

Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,
 That 'tis the best, and there's a Fame for me.

If then I'me happy, what does it advance
Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance.
Oh but the World will take offence hereby
Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I.
Did e're this saucy World and I agree,
To let it have its beastly will on me?
Why shou'd my prostituted Sense be drawn,
To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?
But Men will censure you, 'tis two to one
When e're they censure they'l be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common Fame:
It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
Haughty the Grave; and the Delightful Lewd;
Impertinent the Brisk; Morose the Sad;
Mean the Familiar; the Reserv'd one Mad.

Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more,
She's a slye Hypocrite, or publick Whore.
Then who the Devil wou'd give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of Infamy.
These things, consider'd, make me (in despite
Of Idle-Rumour) keep at home and write.

A
S A T Y R

AGAINST

M A N K I N D.

WERE I, who to my cost already am,
One of those strange, prodigious Crea-
tures Man,

A Spirit free to chuse for my own share,
What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear, }
I'de be a Dog, a Monkey or a Bear,
Or any thing, but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.

The

The Senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other five:

And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which Fifty times for One does err.
Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the mind,

Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense behind.
Pathless, and dangerous, wand'ring ways, it takes,
Through Errors Fenny Bogs, and Thorny Brakes:
Whilst the mis-guided follower climbs with pain,
Mountains of Whimsies, heapt in his own brain;
Stumbling from thought, to thought, falls head-
long down

Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,
The Vapour dances, in his Dazel'd fight,
Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal night.

Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in Dirt, the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch :
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,
Aiming to know that World he should enjoy.
And Wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleasing others at his own expence.
For Wits are treated just like Common Whores ;
First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of doors.
The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains.
Women, and Men of Wit, are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure

Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate ;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now methinks some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to task ; Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd :
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly, but you'll take care
Upon this point, not to be too severe,
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part,
For I profess, I can be very smart
On Wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it, in some sharp Essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tyde of Ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at Reason and Mankind :

Blest

Blest glorious man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
An Everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n:
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from himself he did the Image take,
And this fair Frame in shining Reason dress'd,
To dignifie his Nature above Beast.
Reason, by whose aspiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the Universe,
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted
there,
And give the World true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold mighty man, I cry; all this we know,
From the pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,
From *Patricks* Pilgrim, *Sibbs* Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very Reason I despise,

This

This supernatural gift, that makes a Mite
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite;
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the Eternal and the Ever Blest,
 This base puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out,
 Filling with Frantick crouds of thinking Fools,
 The Reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,
 Born on whole wings, each heavy Sot can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Universe!
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,
 And bear a cripled Carcass through the Skie.
 'Tis this exalted Power whose business lies
 In Nonsense and Impossibilities:
 This made a Whimsical Philosopher,
 Before the spacious World his Tub prefer:
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.

But

But thoughts were giv'n for actions Government;
Where action ceases thought's impertinent.
Our Sphere of action is lifes happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Ass.
Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
I own right reason, which I would obey;
That reason, which distinguishes by sense,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence:
That bounds desires, with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.
My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat:
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
Perverfly yours, your Appetite does mock:
This asks for food, that answers what's a Clock.

This

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus, I think Reason righted; But for man,
 He ne're recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident Beasts are, in their Degree,
 As Wise at least, and Better far, than he.
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his Hare
 Better than *Meres* supplies Committee-Chair;
 Though one's a States-man, th' other but a Hound;
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends:
 Look next if Humane Nature makes amends;
 Whose Principles are most Generous and Just;
 And to whose Morals, you wou'd sooner trust.

Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast:
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey;
But salvage Man alone, does Man betray.
Press'd by Necessity, *They* kill for food;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no good,
With Teeth, and Claws, by Nature arm'd, *They* hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want:
But man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
Inhumanely, his Fellows life betrays,
With voluntary pains, works his distress:
Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.
For hunger, or for love *They* bite or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for fear,
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid:
From fear, to fear, successively betray'd.
Base fear, the source, whence his best passions came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame:

H

The

The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:
To which his various projects are design'd,
Which makes him Generous, Affable and Kind:
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And scrues his actions, in a forc't disguise:
Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.
Look to the Bottom of his vast design,
Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r and Glory joyn;
The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.
Meerly for safety, after Fame they thirst,
For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:
And Honesty's against all common sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence,
Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair,
Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the Square,
You'l

You'l be undone.——

Nor can weak Truth, your reputation save;

The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.

Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress,

Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Thus here you see what Humane Nature craves,

Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves.

The Difference lies, as far as I can see,

Not in the thing it self, but the Degree,

And all the subject matter of Debate,

Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate.

THE

The Knave will all agree to call you Knave.

Wrong'd shall he live, injured o'er oppress'd.

Maim'd Debauchee.

As some brave Admiral in former War

Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage

still,

Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,

Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill.

2.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern)

he views

The Wise, and daring, Conduct of the Fight:

And each bold Action to his mind renews,

His present Glory and his past Delight.

3. From

3.

From his fierce Eyes flashes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks
away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
And absent yet enjoys the bloody Day.

4.

So when my days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Love and Wines unlucky chance,
Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance,

5.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain;
When Fleets of Glasses sail around the Board,
From whose Broad-Sides Volleys of Wit shall
rain.

H 3

6. Nor

6.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,
 Which my too forward Valour did procure,
 Frighten new lifted Souldiers from the Wars,
 Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

7.

Shou'd some brave Youth (worth being drunk)
 prove nice,
 And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
 'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
 If, at my Counsel, He repent and drink.

8.

Or shou'd some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,
 With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms:
 I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did,
 When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

9. I'll

9.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won :
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handsom ills by my contrivance done.

10.

With Tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline :
I'll make 'em long some Ancient Church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.

11.

Thus States-man like I'll saucily impose,
And, safe from danger, valiantly advise :
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

H 4

UPON

Upon Nothing.

I.

Nothing, thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
 Thou hadst a being e're the World was made,
 And (well fixt) art alone, of ending not afraid.

2.

E're time and place were, time and place were not,
 When Primitive *Nothing* something strait begot,
 Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

3.

Something the Gen'ral Attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, it's sole Original,
 Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

4. Yet

4.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land

5.

Matter the wicked st off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.

With Form, and Matter, time and place did joyne,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruine all thy Line.

17.

But turn-Coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves
again.

8. Tho'

8.

Tho' Myseries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
 And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pryces
 Into thy Bosom where the truth in private lies.

9.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
 Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
 And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

10.

Great Negative, how vainly wou'd the Wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.

11.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
 And, true, or false, the subject of debate,
 That perfect, or destroy, the vast designs of Fate.

12. When

12.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

13.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit,
That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
With Persons highly thought at best for nothing fit.

14.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains,
From Princes Coffers, and from States-Mens Brains,
And nothing there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

Nothing who dwell'st with Fools in grave disguise,
For whom they Reverend Shapes, and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they
like thee look wise.

16. French

16.

*French Truth, Dutch Prowels, British Policy, W
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility, W
Spaniards Dispatch, Dames Wit, are mainly seen in
(thee,*

17.

*The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend, 108
Kings Promises, Whores Vows, towards thee they
bend,*

Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Lucretius

*Nothing who dwell with fools in grave digg'd,
For whom they reverence, Shakes and turns de-
liver slaves, and thus, and down, when they
like thee look wife.*

Luxitius In his first BOOK
has these Lines.

Omnis enim per se Divum Natura necesse est
Immortale, et cum pace feratur,

Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe.

Nam predata dolore omni, privata periculis,

Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,

Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ulla.

Thus Translated.

THe Gods, by right of Nature, must possess
An Everlasting Age, of perfect Peace:

Far off, remot'd from us, and our Affairs: hind

Neither approach'd by Dangers, or by Care:

Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add:

Not pleas'd by Good Deeds; nor provok'd by Bad.

Elegia

IOE L E G I A ix

Ovidii Amorum. Lib. 2.

Ad Cupidinem.

O Nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,

Quin corde meo desidiose Puer!

Quid me, qui miles nunquam tua signa reliqui,

Lædis? & in Castris vulnerar' ipse tuis?

Cur tam Faxuritus, s'igit tuus arcus Amicos

Gloria pugnantes vincere major erat.

Quid? non Emonius, quem cuspidis perculit, Heros,

Confossam viderica postmoda iuvit ope?

Venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit:

Semper & inventis ulteriora petit.

The Ninth ELEGY

*In the second Book of Ovid's
Amours, Translated.*

TO LOVE.

O Love! how cold and slow to take my part:
Thou Idle Wanderer about my Heart:

Why, thy old faithful Souldier, wilt thou see
Opprest in thy own Tents? They murder me.
Thy *Flames* consume, thy *Arrows* pierce thy Friends,
Rather on Foes pursue more Noble Ends.

Achilles Sword would certainly bestow
A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o're
When the Prey's caught: hopes still lead on before.

We

Nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma:

Pisra reluctanti cessat in Jure manus.

Quid juvat in Nudis hamata recondere tela

Ossibus? Ossa mihi nuda reliquit Amor.

Tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puellæ:

Hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.

Roma, Nisi immensum Vires promouisset in Orbem

: Stramineis offer tunc quoque densa castris.

Fessus in acceptos Miles deducitur agros:

Tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis:

Elongaque subactam velant navalia Pinum:

Mittitur in salubris carcere liber equus.

Me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellæ,

Defunctum placide vivere Tempus erat.

Vive, Deus posito siquis mihi dicat amore,

Deprecer; usque adeo dulce puellæ malum est.

Cum

On several Occasions. 113

We thine own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows;
Whilst thy tame hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.
On Men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids:
We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch'd
A Laurel, or't had been to this day thatch'd.
But the old Souldier has his resting place:
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass:
The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please;
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease:
For me then, who have truly ſpent my blood
(Love) in thy ſervice: and ſo boldly ſtood
In *Celia's* Trenches: were't not wiſely done,
E'en to retire, and live in peace at home?

I

No

*Cùm bene pertæsum est, animique reuauit ardor,
Nescio quo miseræ turbine mentis agor.
Ut rapit in præceps dominum, spumantia frustra
Fræna retentantem, durior oris equus;
Ut subitus propè jam prensâ tellure carinam,
Tangentem portus ventus in alta rapit;
Sic me sæpe refert incerta Cupidinis aura:
Notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.
Fige puer; positis nudus tibi præbeor armis;
Hic tibi sunt vires, hîc tua dextra valet.
Huc tanquam jussæ veniunt jam sponte sagittæ;
Vix ullis præ me nota pharetra tua est.
Infelix, totâ quicunque quiescere nocte
Sustinet, & somnos præmia magna vocat.
Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?
Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.*

No—might I gain a *Godhead* to disclaim
My glorious Title, to my endless Flame:
Divinity with scorn I would forswear:
Such sweet, dear, tempting, Devils Women are.
When e're those flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce, black, storm, pour down upon my mind:
Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horsemen who, in vain,
Their (fury-flaming) Courfers would restrain.
As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain,
Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to Sea again:
So Loves fantastick storms reduce my heart
Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended bosom wound,
And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
Shafts flie so fast to me from every part,
You'l scarce discern the Quiver from my heart.

Me modò decipiant voces fallacis amicæ ;

Speranda certè gaudia magna feram.

Et modò blanditias dicat : modò iurgia neſcat ;

Sæpe fruar dominâ ; sæpe repulſus eam.

Quòd dubius Mars eſt, per te prævigne Cupido eſt.

Et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.

Tu levis es, multoque tuïs ventofior alis ;

Gaudiaque ambiguâ daſque negaſque fide.

Si tamen exaudis pulchrâ cum matre Cupido ;

Indeſerta meo pectore regna gere.

Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puellæ ;

Ambobus populis ſic venerandus eris.

What wretch can bear a live long night's dull rest,
Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
Fool—Is not sleep the Image of pale Death?
There's time for rest when Fate hath stopp'd your
Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive: (breath.
I'm happy in my hopes while I believe:
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide:
Often may I enjoy: oft be deny'd.
With doubtful steps the God of War does move
By thy Example, in Ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wing:
Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring,
Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slaves request;
Fix an eternal Empire in my Breast:
And let th'inconstant, charming, Sex,
Whose wilful scorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy Throne:
The Vassal World is then thy own.

The Chorus of the second
Act of Seneca's Troas, con-
cludes with these Lines.

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil,
Velocis spatii meta novissima.

Spem ponant avidi; solliciti metum.

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?

Quo non nata jacent.

Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chaos.

Mors individua est noxia corpori,

Nec parcens animæ. Tænara, & aspero

Regnum sub domino, limen & obsidens

Custos non facili Cerberus ostio,

Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,

Et par sollicito fabula somnio.

THE

The latter end of the Chorus
of the second Act of *Seneca's*
Troas translated.

After Death nothing is, and nothing Death :
The utmost limits of a gasp of Breath.

Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside

His hopes of Heav'n ; (whose Faith is but his Pride)

Let slavish Souls lay by their Fear,

Nor be concern'd which way or where,

After this life they shall be hurl'd :

Dead, we become the Lumber of the World ;

And to that Mass of Matter shall be swept,

Where things destroy'd, with things unborn are

Devouring time swallows us whole, (kept ;

Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.

For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules
The everlasting fiery Goals,
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools,
With his grim grievly Dog that keeps the Door,
Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,
Dreams, Whimsies, and no more.

T O

T O H I S
SACRED MAJESTY,
On His Restoration.

In the Year 1660.

(Written at 12 Years old.)

Virtues triumphant Shrine! who dost engage
At once three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage;
Which in extatick duty strive to come
Out of themselves, as well as from their home:
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is
It self the Nation, not Metropolis;
And Loyal *Kent* renews her Arts agen,
Fencing her ways with moving Groves of Men;

Forgive

Forgive this distant homage, which does meet
Your blest approach on sedentary feet :
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of Arms, denies me to appear
In Steel before you, yet, Great Sir, approve
My manly wishes, and more vigorous Love ;
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to
A Fathers ashes, greater than to you ;
Whose one ambition 'tis for to be known
By daring Loyalty your *Wilmot's* Son.

Rochester.

Wadh. Coll.

In

In obit. Seren. Mariæ Princip.
Auran.

Impia blasphemi fileant concilia vulgi:

Absolvo medicos, innocuamque manum.

Curassent alios facili medicamine Morbos:

Ultera cum veniunt, Ars nihil ipsa valet.

Vultu femineo quævis vel pustula vulnus

Lethale est, pulchras certior ense necat.

Mollia vel temeret si quando mitior ora,

Evadat forsan femina, Diva nequat.

Cui par est Animæ Corpus, quæ tota venustas,

Formæ qui potis est, hæc superesse suæ?

Johan. Comes Roffen.

è Coll. Wadh.

T O

SACRED MAJESTY,

T H E

Queen MOTHER,

On the Death of *Mary Prin-*
cess of Orange.

(Written at 12 Years old.)

R Espite, great Queen, your just and hasty fears!
There's no infection lodges in our tears.

Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless Breath.
O! stay a while, and teach your equal skill
To understand, and to support our ill.

You

You that in Mighty Wrongs an Age have spent,
And seem to have out-liv'd ev'n Banishment:
Whom traiterous Mischief fought its earliest prey,
When to most Sacred Blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black Design impart,
To take his Head, that wounded first his Heart:
You that unmov'd great *Charles* his ruine stood,
When three great Nations sunk beneath the Load:
Then a young Daughter lost, yet Balsom found
To stanch that new and freshly bleeding wound:
And, after this, with fixt and steddy Eyes
Beheld your Noble *Glocester's* Obsequies:
And then sustain'd the Royal *Princess* fall;
You only can lament her Funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our sad Complaints lost in the empty wind;

Those

Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly rore
Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore :
Shipwrack to safety, and the envy flie,
Of sharing in this Scene of Tragedy.
While sickness, from whose rage you post away,
Relents, and only now contrives your stay :
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair Princess, and forgets to kill.
In vain on Fevers Curses we dispence,
And vent our Passions angry Eloquence :
In vain we blast the Ministers of Fate,
And the forlorn Physicians imprecate ;
Say they to Death new Poisons add and fire ;
Murder securely for reward and hire ;
Art's Basilisks, that kill whom e're they see,
And truly write Bills of Mortality :

Who,

Who, lest the bleeding Corps shou'd them betray,
First drain those vital speaking Streams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with these?
Become your self a third, and new Disease?
If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,
Who take your self and the fair *Princess* too.
For we depriv'd, an equal damage have
When *France* doth ravish hence, as when the Grave.
But that your choice th' unkindness doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER,

of *Wadham College.*

AN

A N

Epilogue.

SOME few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
 That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not;
And therefore never their own Torment Plot.
While the malicious *Criticks* still agree,
To loath each play they come, and pay, to see.
The first know 'tis a meaner part of sense
To find a Fault, than taste an Excellence:
Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these
Are dully vain of being hard to please.

Poets

Poets and Women have an equal Right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but spight.
'Twas Impotence did first this Vice begin,
Fools censure Wit, as Old Men rail of Sin:
Who envy Pleasure which they cannot taste,
And good for nothing, wou'd be wise at last.
Since therefore to the Women it appears,
That all these Enemies of Wit are *Theirs*:
Our Poet the dull Herd no longer fears.
What e're his *Fate* may prove, 'twill be his *Pride*,
To stand, or fall, with Beauty on his side.

K EPI-

Epilogue.

(Charm,
AS Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense seems
 Which hearers of all Judgment does disarm;
 For Songs, and Scenes, a double Audience bring,
 And Doggrel takes, which *Smiths* in Sattin sing,
 Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run,
 We find that Wit's the Monster you would shun,
 And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done.
 For since with Vice and Folly Wit is fed,
 Through Mercy 'tis, most of you are not dead.
 Players turn Puppets now at your desire,
 In their Mouth's Nonsense, in their Tails a Wire,
 They flye through clouds of clouts, and showers
 (of fire.)

A kind of losing *Loadum* is their Game,
 Where the worst Writer has the greatest Fame.
 To get vile Plays like theirs, shall be our care;
 But of such *awkard* Actors we *despair*.
 False taught at first——
 Like Bowls ill byass'd, still the more they run,
 They're further off, than when they first begun.
 In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,
 There's one is such a dear familiar Spark,
 He yawns, as if he were but half awake;
 And fribling for free speaking, does *mistake*;
 False accent, and neglectful action too,
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,
 That both together, like an Ape's Mock-Face
 By near resembling Man, do Man disgrace.
 Through-pac'd ill Actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
 Half Players, like half Wits, can't be endur'd.

Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age
Of the great wonder of our *English* Stage. Major
Mohun.

Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid *Shakespear* write.

Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art,
Mimick his Foot, but not his speaking part.

Let them the *Traytor*, or *Volpone* try ;

Could they——

Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Cassius* die,

They ne'er had sent to *Paris* for such Fancies,

As Monster's heads and Merry *Andrew's* Dances.

Wither'd perhaps, not perish'd we appear,

But they were blighted, and ne'er came to bear.

Th'old Poets dress'd your Mistress Wit before,

These draw you on with an old painted Whore,

And sell, like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice

Yet they may scorn our house and Actors too, (o're)

Since they have swell'd so high to Hector you.

They

They cry, Pox o' these *Covent-Garden* Men,
Damn 'em, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for those thund'ring Blades
Shou'd have an Audience of substantial Trades,
Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great Nephew Eolus.
Oh how the merry Citizens in Love
With——

Psyche, the Goddess of each Field and Grove.
He cries i' faith, methinks 'tis well enough,
But you roar out and cry, 'tis all damn'd Stuff.
So to their House the graver Fops repair,
While Men of Wit, find one another here.

A

P R O L O G U E

Spoken at the Court at *White-Hall* before King *Charles the Second*, by the Lady *Elizabeth Howard*.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:
And Poets share the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to please you all.
'Tis hard your scorn shou'd against such prevail,
Whose ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.

You

You Men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.
Then rail not here; though you see reason for't:
If Wit can find it self no better sport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at Court.
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright,
'Tis no Wit to be always in the Right;
You'll find it none, who dare be so to Night.
Few so ill-bred will venture to a Play,
To spy out Faults, in what we Women say.
For us, no matter what we speak, but how:
How kindly can we say? — *I hate you now.*
And for the Men, if you'll laugh at 'em do,
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne're mind
But why do I descend to lose a Prayer, (you.
On those small Saints in Wit: the God sits there.

To the King.

To you (Great Sir) my message hither tends,
 From Youth, and Beauty, your Allies and Friends
 See my Credentials written in my Face,
 They challenge your Protection in this place.
 And hither come with such a force of Charms,
 As may give check ev'n to Your prosperous Arms,
 Millions of *Cupids*, hovering in the Rear,
 Like Eagles following, fatal Troops appear:
 All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,
 Of those bold Gazers who this Night must die.
 Nor can You scape our soft Captivity,
 From which Old Age alone must set You free.
 Then tremble at the fatal Consequence,
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, *(Prince, Great*
'Gainst us still you have made a weak defence.

Be gen'rous and wise, and take our part:

Remember we have Eyes, and You a Heart:—

Else You may find, too late, that we are things

Born to kill Vassals, and to conquer *Kings*.

But oh, to what vain conquest I pretend!

While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend.

Our Victory Your Empire more assures,

For Love will ever make the Triumph Yours.

TO

TO ALL
Gentlemen, Ladies, *and* Others:

Whether of

City, Town, or Country,

ALEXANDER BENDO

WISHETH

All Health, and Prosperity.

W Hereas this Famous *Metropolis* of England, (and were the Endeavours of its Worthy Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Vertue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short time, the

the *Metropolis* of the whole *World*:) whereas this City (as most Great Ones are) has ever been Infested with a numerous Company of such, whose Arrogant Confidence, backing their Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon the People, either premeditated Cheats, or at best, the Palpable, Dull, and Empty Mistakes of their self-deluded imaginations in Physick, Chymical, and Galenick, in Astrology, Physiognomy, Palmistry, Mathematicks, Alchymy, and even Government it self; the last of which, I will not purpose to Discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it no ways belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe; I think equally Honest, and therefore more Profitable; But as to all the former, they have been so Erroneously Practis'd by many Unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness

Neediness for the most part, (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, though Originally the Products of the most Wise Mens Laborious Studies and Experiences; and by them, left a Wealthy and Glorious Inheritance for Ages to come; seem by this Bastard Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd, and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errours, and Deceits, such as in the management of these idle Professors indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) *Gentlemen, Ladies, and others*, deem it but just; that I, who for some Years have with all Faithfulness and Assiduity, court-ed these Arts, and received such signal

Favours

Favours from them; that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets; shou'd with an earnestness and concern more than ordinary, take their parts against those Impudent Fops, whose saucy, impertinent Addresses and pretensions have brought such Scandal upon their most Immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play my self, I would have giv'n you so fair warning by my severe Observations upon others. *Qui alterum incusat probri, ipsum se intueri oportet*, Plaut. However, Gentlemen, in a World like this (where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisie so generally taken notice of, that every one, arm'd with suspicions, stands upon his Guard against it) 'twill

'twill be very hard for a Stranger especially to escape a Censure.

All I shall say for my self on this score, is this ; if I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, ev'n for the sake of that chiefly, ought I to be construed a true man, who is the Counterfeits Example, his Original, and that which he imployes his industry and pains to imitate and Copy : Is it therefore my fault, if the Cheat by his Wits and endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling of him ? Consider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward ; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt ; the Politician, and the Fool ; they are the same in many things, and differ in but *one* alone. The Valiant Man holds up his head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lords Wife, and owns it : so does the Coward,

one

one only point of Honour, and that's Courage, (which like false Metal, one only tryal can discover) makes the distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin: That which makes the difference, is real Cash, a great defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and still till then the least perceived.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man: pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools? If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician, Astrologer, &c. and the true? The first calls himself Learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives

gives Physick, and Counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much; 'tis only your experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit my self: I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis, He is one then, who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft: He draws great Companies to him, by undertaking strange things which can never be effected.

The Politician (by his Example, no doubt) finding how the People are taken with specious, miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he's sure can ne're be brought about: The People believe, are deluded,
and

and pleased, the expectation of a future good, which shall never befall them, draws their eyes off of a present evil. Thus are *They* kept and establish'd in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; *He* in Greatness, Wealth, and Power: So you see the Politician is, and must be a Mountebank in State Affairs, and the Mountebank (no doubt if he thrives) is an arrant Politician in Physick.

But, that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the things in which I pretend chiefly at this time to serve my Country.

First, I will (by the leave of God) perfectly cure that *Labes Brittanica* or Grand *English* Disease, the Scurvy, and that with such ease to my Patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least inconvenience whilst I steal his distemper from him; I know there are many
L who

who treat this disease with *Mercury, Antimony, Spirits, and Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great caution, but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the Patient, having freed him from all the Symptomes, as looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, want of Appetite, pains and lassitude in the limbs and joints, especially the Legs. And, to say truth, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed not, originally from the Scurvy; which were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it of all those who shall come into my hands) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions: nay ev'n those thick and slimy Humours which Generate Stones in the Kidneys,

Kidneys, and Bladder, are for the most part offsprings of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to set down all its Malignant Race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me in the Natures of their Distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: So will all reasonable People be satisfied that I treat them with care, honesty, and understanding; for I am not of their opinion, who endeavour to render their vocations rather mysterious, than useful and satisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diseases and Distempers; it behoves a Physician I am sure to understand them all: but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few have escaped my Practice) I shall not be ashamed to own to my Patient, where I find my self to seek, and at least he shall be secure with me from having

Experiments tryed upon him; a priviledge he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the Grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks. It is thought fit, that I assure you of great secrecy as well as care in Diseases, where it is requisite, whether Veneral, or other. as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sickness, Weaknesses, Inflammations or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. (For I would put no word in my Bill that bears any unclean sound, it is enough that I make my self understood; I have seen Physicians Bills as bawdy, as *Aretine's* Dialogues; which no man that walks warily before God can approve of) But I cure all suffocations in those parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here, perswading young
Wo-

Women very often that their *Hearts* are like to break for Love, when God knows the Distemper lies far enough from that place.

Likewise Barrenness (proceeding from any accidental cause, as it often falls out, and no Natural defect; (for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it) Cures of this kind I have done signal and many, for the which I doubt not but I have the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pin'd out their days under the deplorable and reproachful misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions, to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise (Palmistry I have not faith in,

because there can no reason be alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their considerable effects, and marvellous operations, chiefly in the directions of future proceedings, to the avoiding of dangers that threaten, and laying hold of advantages that might offer themselves.

I say my own Practice has convinc'd me more, than all the Sage and Wise Writings extant of those matters: For I might say this for my self (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom failed in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in Print.

Those who have no opinion of the truth of this Art, will not I suppose come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

Nor

Nor will I be ashamed to set down here, my willingness to practise rare secrets, (though somewhat collateral to my profession) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness: A thing created at first by God, chiefly for the glory of his own Name, and then for the better Establishment of mutual Love between Man and Woman: God had bestowed on Man the Power of strength and Wisdom, and thereby rendered Woman liable to the subjection of his absolute will: it seem'd but requisite, that she should be indued likewise in recompence, with some quality, that might beget in him admiration of her, and so inforce his tenderness and Love.

The knowledge of these Secrets, I gathered in my Travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was Fifteen Years Old, to this my Nine and Twentieth Year) in *France*, and *Italy*:

Those that have travelled in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the preservation of Beauty; how Women of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen; Ages are no way distinguished by Faces, whereas here in *England*, look a Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that without destroying your Complexion (as most of your paints and dawblings do) shall render them purely fair, clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, and Pimples, any marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also preserve and cleanse your teeth, white and round as Pearls, fastning them that are loose; your Gums shall be kept entire and red as Corral, your lips of the same

same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful kisses.

I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of breaths, provided the lungs be not totally perish'd, and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose breaths are yet untainted, so that nothing but either a very long Sickness, or Old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desired) take away from their fatness who have overmuch, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their Constitutions.

Now should *Galen* himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Bawbles below the profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more glory in preserving Gods Image in its unblemish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching
ing

ing up all the decay'd Carkasses in the
World.

They that will do me the favour to
come to me, shall be sure from three of
the Clock in the Afternoon till eight at
Night, at my Lodgings in *Tower-Street*,
next door to the sign of the *Black Swan*,
at a *Goldsmith's* House, to find

Their Humble Servant,

Alexander Bendo.

THE

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VALENTINIAN:
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the
Theatre-Royal.

Written By
JOHN
Late EARL of
ROCHESTER.

LONDON,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judge's-Head in
Chancery-Lane near Fleet-Street, 1691.

VALENTINI & CO.

TRAGEDY.

As acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

Written by

J. O. H. W.

ROCHESTER.

LONDON.

Printed for J. and T. Taylor at the Theatre-Royal.

(Lancaster Lane near the Theatre-Royal.)

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Cook, the First Day.

Written by Mrs. Behn.

With that assurance we to day address,
 As standard Beauties, certain of Success.
 With careless Pride, at once they charm and vex,
 And Scorn the little Censures of their Sex.
 Sore of the unregarded Spoil, despise
 The needless Affectation of the Eyes,
 The softening Languishment that faintly warms,
 But trust alone to their resistless Charms.
 So we, secur'd by undisputed Wit,
 Disdain the damning Malice of the Pit,
 Nor need false Arts to set great Nature off,
 Or studied Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh.
 Ye wou'd-be-Criticks ye are all undone,
 For here's no Theme for you to work upon.
 Faith seem to talk to Jenny, I advise,
 Of who likes who, and how Love's Markets rise.
 Try, these hard times, how to abate the Price;
 Tell her how cheap were Damsels on the Ice.
 'Mong st City-Wives and Daughters that came there,
 How far a Guinny went at * Blanket-Fair. * The Fair on the
 Thus you may find some good Excuse for Failing Thames so called,
 Of your beloved Exercise of Railing.
 That when Friend cries—How did the Play succeed?
 Deme, I hardly minded—what they did.
 We shall not your Ill-Nature please to day,
 With some fond Scribler's new uncertain Play,
 Loose as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,
 Or Love and Honour that o'er-runs the Stage.

*Fam'd and substantial Authors give this Treat,
 And 'twill be solemn, Noble all and Great.
 Wit, sacred Wit, is all the Bus'ness here,
 Great Fletcher, and the Greater Rochester.
 Now name the hardy man one Fault dares find
 In the vast Work of two such Heroes join'd.
 None but Great Strephon's soft and powerful Wit
 Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ,
 Different their heav'nly Notes; yet both agree
 To make an everlasting Harmony.
 Listen ye Virgins to his charming Song,
 Eternal Musick dwells upon his Tongue.
 The Gods of Love and Wit inspir'd his Pen,
 And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theme.*

*Now Ladies you may celebrate his Name,
 Without a Scandal on your spotless Fame.
 With Praise his dear lov'd Memory pursue,
 And pay his Death what to his Life was due.*

PROLOGUE to VALENTINIAN.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook, the Second Day.

TIS not your Easiness to give Applause,
 This long hid Jewel into publick draws
 Our matchless Author, who to Wit gave Rules,
 Scorns Praise, that has been prostitute to Fools.
 To factions Favour, the sole Prop and Fence
 Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all pretence,
 And for their Flatteries brings you Truth and Sense.
 Things we our selves confess to be unfit,
 For such side-Boxes, and for such a Pit.
 To the fair Sex some Complement were due,
 Did they not slight themselves in liking you;
 How can they here for Judges be thought fit,
 Who daily your soft Nonsense take for Wit;

Do on your ill-bred Noise for Humour Doat,
 And chuse the Man by the embroider'd Coat?
 Our Author lov'd the youthful and the fair,
 But even in those their Follies could not spare;
 Bid them discreetly use their present store,
 Be Friends to Pleasure, when they please no more;
 Desir'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,
 If some remaining Spark their Hearts engages,
 At home to quench their Embers with their Pages.
 Pert, patch't, and painted, there to spend their days;
 Not crowd the fronts of Boxes at new Plays:
 Advis'd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,
 And Fops of Folly to give over dressing.
 By this he got the Envy of the Age,
 No fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.
 Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,
 And others said he too absently writ.
 Dull Niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,
 Abortive Pang of Vainity and Spite!
 It shows a Master's Hand, 'twas Virgil's Praise,
 Things low and abject to adorn and raise.
 The Sun on Dunghills shining is as bright,
 As when his Beams the fairest Flowers invite,
 But all weak Eyes are hurt, by too much Light.
 Let then these Owls against the Eagle preach,
 And blame those Flights which they want Wing to reach.
 Like Falstaffe let them conquer Heroes dead,
 And praise Greek Poets they cou'd never read.
 Criticks should personal Quarrels lay aside,
 The Poet from the Enemy divide.
 'Twas Charity that made our Author write,
 For your Instruction 'tis we Ask to night;
 For sure no age was ever known before,
 Wanting an Æcius and Lucina more.

Prologue

PROLOGUE

Intended for VALENTINIAN,

To be Spoken by Mrs. *Buxey*.

NOW would you have me rail, swell, and look big,
Like rampant Tory over coachman Vvhig.
As spit-fire Bullies swagger, swear and roar,
And brandish Bilbo, when the Fray is o'er.
Must we buff on, when we're oppos'd by none?
But Poets are most fierce, on those who're down.
Shall I fear Popish Plots that once did fright us,
And with most bitter Bobs taunt little Titus?
Or with sharp Styld, on sneaking Trimmers fall,
Who civilly themselves Prudential call?
Yet Witslings to true Wits as soon may rise,
As a Prudential Man can ere be wise.
No, even the worst of all yet I will spare,
The nauseous Floater, changable as Air,
A nasty thing, which on the surface rides,
Backward and forward with all turns of Tides.
An Audience I will not so courselly use;
'Tis the lewd way of every common Muse.
Let Grubstreet-Pens such mean Diversion find,
But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.
We of legitimate Poets sing the praise,
No kin to th' spurious Issue of these days.
But such as with desert their Laurels gain'd,
And by true Wit immortal Names obtain'd.
Two like Wit-Consuls rul'd the former Age,
With Love, and Honour grac'd that flourishing Stage,
And every Passion did the Mind engage.

They

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They sweetness first into our Language brought,
They all the Secrets of Man's Nature sought,
And lasting Wonders they have in Conjunction wrought.

Now joins a third, a Genius as sublime
As ever flourish'd in Rome's happiest time.
As sharply could he wound, as sweetly engage,
As soft his Love, and as divine his Rage.
He charm'd the tenderest Virgins to delight,
And with his Stile did fiercest Blockheads fright.
Some Beauties here I see—
Though now demure, have felt his pow'ful Charms;
And languish'd in the Circle of his Arms.
But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,
Under his Lash your whole vast Herd did fall.
Oh fatal loss! that mighty Spirit's gone!
Alas! his too great heat went out too soon!
So fatal is it vastly to excel;
Thus young, thus mourn'd; his lov'd Lucretius fell.

And now ye little Sparks who infest the Pit,
Learn all the Reverence due to sacred Wit.
Disturb not with your empty noise each Bench,
Nor break your bawdy Jest to th' Orange-Wench;
Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,
Vent your No-wit, and spurious Raillery:
That noisie place, where meet all sort of Tools,
Your huge fat Lovers, and consumptive Fools,
Half Wits, and Gamesters, and gay Fops, whose Tasks,
Are daily to invade the dangerous Masks;
And all ye little Brood of Poetasters,
Amend and learn to write from these your Masters.

Dram-

Drammatis Personæ.

Valentinian, Emperor.

Æcius, The Roman General.

Maximus, Lieutenant-General.

Pontius Captain.

Lycinius,

Balbus,

Proculus,

Chylax,

} **Servants to the Emperor.**

Lycias, An Eunuch belonging to Maximus.

Lucina, Wife to Maximus.

Celandia,

Marcellina,

} **Ladies Attending Lucina.**

Ardelia,

Phorba,

Phidias,

Aretus,

} **Lewd Women belonging to the Court.**

} **Friends to Æcius, and Servants to the Emperor.**

THE

THE
TRAGEDY,
OF
VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

The Curtain flies up with the Musick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; and discovers the Emperor passing through to the Garden, Attended with a great Court: Æcius and Maximus stay behind.

Maximus. Æcius.

Max. **G**reat is the Honour, which our Emperor Does by his frequent Visits throw on *Maximus*;

Not less than thrice this Week has his Gay-Court,
With all its Splendor shin'd within my Walls:
Nor does this glorious Sun bestow his Beams
Upon a barren Soyl: My happy Wife,
Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart,
Crowns the soft Moments of each welcome Hour,

B b

With

With such variety of successive Joys,
 That Lost in Love, when the long Day is done,
 He willingly would give his Empire up
 For the Enjoyment of a Minute more,
 While I-----

Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,
 Am at the Court ador'd as much as She,
 As if the vast Dominion of the World
 He had Exchang'd with me for my *Lucina*. (ons,
Æcius. I rather wish he would Exchange his Passi-
 Give you his Thirst of Love for yours of Honour.
 And leaving you the due possession
 Of your just Wishes in *Lucina's* Arms,
 Think how he may by force of Worth and Virtue,
 Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,
 Which he neglects for Garlands made of Roses;
 Whilst, in disdain of his ill-guided Youth,
 Whole Provinces fall off, and scorn to have
 Him for their Prince, who is his Pleasures Slave.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, Noble Friend,
 For falling off so fast from this wild man,
 When, under our Allegiance be it spoken,
 And the most happy Tye of our Affections,
 The whole World groans beneath him: By the
 I'd rather be a Bond-slave to his Panders, (Gods,
 Constrain'd by Power to serve their vicious Wills,
 Than bear the Infamy of being held
 A Favourite to this fool flatter'd Tyrant.
 Where lives Vertue,
 Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are call'd
 And chosen to the steering of his Empire,
 But Whores and Bawds and Traitors! Oh my *Æcius*,
 The Glory of a Souldier, and the Truth

Of men made up for Goodness sake, like shells
Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action,
Only your happy self and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than Favour-----

Æcius. No more, my worthy Friend, tho' these
be Truths,

And tho' these Truths would ask a Reformation,
At least a little Mending----- Yet remember
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*, Obedience
To what is done ; And Grief for what's ill done,
Is all we can call Ours. The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods : Pure Incense,
(Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Offerings,)
Burns ever there. We must not put 'em out, (ed.
Because the Priests, who touch these Sweets are wick-
We dare not, Dearest Friend ; Nay more, we cannot,
While we consider whose we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-
VWhile Majesty is made to be obey'd ; (giver,
And not enquir'd into.

Max. Thou best of Friends and Men, whose wise
Instructions

Are not less charitable, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with Ambition,
For by the Gods I do not. Why, my *Æcius*,
Why are we thus ? Or how became thus wretched ?

Æcius. You'll fall again into your Fit.

Max. I will not.

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their mighty Fortunes !
But conquer'd *Gauls*, And Quivers for the *Parthians* ?
Why is the Emperor, this Man we honour,
This God that ought to be ?

Æcius. You are too curious.

Max. Give me leave,-----Why is this Author of us?

Æcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest,

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders! Misconceive me not,
I sow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore
And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous and fast to *Rome*? Why are their Virtues
Stamp't in the Dangers of a thousand Battles,
Their Honours time out-daring
I think for our Example.

Æcius. You speak well.

(hands

Max. Why are we Seeds of those then to shake
With Bawds and base Informers? Kifs Discredit,
And Court her like a Mistress? Pray your leave yet,
You'll say th'Emperors young, and apt to take
Impression from his Pleasures,
Yet even his Errors have their good Effects,
For the same gentle temper which inclines
His Mind to Softness, does his Heart defend
From savage thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,
Which thro' the Streets of *Rome* in streams did flow
From Hearts of Senators under the Reigns
Of our severer Warlike Emperors?
While under this scarcely one Criminal
Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law,
And the whole World dissolv'd into a Peace,
Owes its Security to this Mans Pleasures;
But *Æcius*-----be sincere, do not defend
Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.
You know this Virtue is his greatest Vice:
Impunity is the highest Tyranny:

And

And what the fawning Court miscals his Pleasures,
Exceeds the Moderation of a Man :

Nay to say justly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,
And such as shake our Worths with Foreign Nations.

Æcius. You search the Sore too deep ; and let me
tell you,

In any Other Man, this had been Treason,
And so rewarded : Pray depress your Spirit ;
For tho' I constantly believe you honest,
(You were no Friend for me else) ; and what now
You freely speak, but good you owe to the Empire ;
Yet take heed, Worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do ; few you'll find
Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,
And to the heaviest (Friend) ; and pray consider
We are but Shadows, Motions others give us,
And tho' our Pities may become the Times,
Our Powers cannot, nor may we justify
Our private Jealousies, by open Force,
Wife or what Else to me it matters not,
I am your Friend, but durst my own Soul urge me,
And by that Soul I speak my just Affections,
To turn my hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,
Tho' I had both the Blessings of the *Bruti*
And both their instigations, tho' my Cause
Carry'd a Face of Justice beyond theirs,
And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
That daring Soul that first taught Disobedience,
Should feel the first Example.

Max. Mistake me not, my dearest *Æcius*,
Do not believe that through mean Jealousie
How far th' Emperor's Passions may prevail

On my *Lucina's* thoughts to our Dishonour,
 That I abhor the Person of my Prince.
 Alas! That Honour were a trivial Loss
 Which She and I want merit to preserve;
 Vertue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near
Lucina's Heart, to leave him such a fear;
 No private loss or wrong inflames my Spirits,
 The Roman Glory, *Aecius*, Languishes;
 I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,
 And when th'Emperor pleases to afford
 Time from his Pleasures, to take care of those,
 I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life
 Still ready for his Service.

Aecius. Now you are brave,
 And like a Roman justly are concern'd:
 But say he be to blame. Are therefore we
 Fit Fires to purge him? No, My Dearest Friend,
 The Elephant is never won with Anger,
 Nor must that man who would reclaim a Lion
 Take him by the Teeth.
 Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks
 Like Morning from our Service chaste and blushing,
 Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he sees,
 And not till then truly repents his Errors.

Max. My Heart agrees with yours: I'll take your
 Counsel,
 The Emperor appears; let us withdraw;
 And as We both do love him, may he flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Val. Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to escape
 The Censures both of Tyrannous and Proud,
 While

While your Admirers Languish by your Eyes
 And at your Feet an Emperor despairs!
 Gods! Why was I mark'd out of all your Brood
 To suffer tamely under mortal hate?
 Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?
 Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs?
 Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing
 World

Submits to own your Beings and your Power:
 And must I feel the Torments of Neglect?
 Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?
 But 'tis not you, Poor harmless Deities,
 That can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn!
 Alas! All Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!
 How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth
 Which makes me little lower than your selves,
 And sit in Heaven an Equal with the first;
 But Love bids me pursue a Nobler Aim;
 Continue Mortal and *Lucina's* Slave,
 From whose fair Eyes, would pity take my part,
 And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,
 I in Her Arms such Blessings shou'd obtain,
 For which th'unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.
Lucin. Ah! Cease to tempt those Gods and Vertue
 Great Emperor of the World and Lord of me! (too!
 Heav'n has my Life submitted to your Will!
 My Honour's Heav'ns, which will preserve its own.
 How vile a thing am I when that is gone!
 When of my Honour you have rifl'd me,
 What other Merit have I to be yours?
 With my fair Fame let me your Subject Live,
 And save that Humbleness you smile upon,
 Those Gracious Looks, whose brightness shou'd re-
 joice, B b 4 Make

Make your poor Hand-maid tremble when she thinks
 That they appear like Lightning's fatal Flash,
 Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
 Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before !
 And shou'd the Gods abandon worthless Me
 A Sacrifice to shame and to dishonour ;
 A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Cæsar's* Fame !
 For what Crime yet unknown shall *Maximus*
 By Me and *Cæsar* be made infamous ?
 The faithfull'st Servant, and the kindest Lord !
 So true, so brave, so gen'rous, and so just,
 Who ne'er knew fault : Why shou'd he fall to shame ?

Val. Sweet Innocence ! Alas ! Your *Maximus*
 (Whom I like you esteem !) is in no Danger,
 If Duty and Allegiance be no shame !

Have I not Prætors through the spacious Earth
 Who in my Name do mighty Nations sway ?
 Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right,
 Their Temporary Governments I change,
 Divide or take away, as I see good ;
 And this they think no Injury nor Shame ;
 Can you believe your Husband's Right to you
 Other than what from me he does derive ?
 Who justly may recall my own at pleasure ;
 Am I not Emperor ? This World my own ?
 Given me without a Partner by the Gods ?
 And shall those Gods who gave me all, allow
 That one less than my self should have a Claim
 To you the Pride and Glory of the whole ?
 You, without whom the rest is worthless dross ;
 Life a base Slavery, Empire but a Mock :
 And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse !
 No, only Blessing, *Maximus* and I

Must change our Provinces, the World shall bow
Beneath my Scepter, grasp'd in his strong hand
Whose Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,
And wise Integrity secure the rest :
In all those Rights the Gods to me have given ;
While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
The servile Pride of Government despise !
Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heav'n in Thee,
And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

Lucina. Had Heav'n design'd for me so great a Fate,
As *Cesar's* Love I shou'd have been preserv'd,
By careful Providence for Him alone,
Not offer'd up at first to *Maximus* ;
For Princes should not mingle with their Slaves,
Nor seek to quench their Thirst in troubled streams.
Nor am I fram'd with thoughts fit for a Throne.
To be commanded still has been my Joy ;
And to obey the height of my Ambition.
When young in Anxious Cares I spent the Day,
Trembling for fear least each unguided step
Should tread the Paths of Error and of Blame :
Till Heav'n in gentle pity sent my Lord,
In whose Commands my Wishes meet their end,
Pleas'd and secure while following his Will ;
Whether to live or die I cannot err.
You like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,
I, a low Mirtle, in the humble Vale,
May flourish by your distant influence ;
But should you bend your Glories nearer me,
Such fatal Favour withers me to dust.
Or I in foolish gratitude desire
To kiss your Feet, by whom we live and grow,
To such a height I should in vain aspire,

Who

Who am already rooted here below,
 Fixt in my *Maximus's* Breast I lie!
 Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flower's, I die.

Val. Cease to oppress me with a thousand Charms!
 There needs no succour to prevailing Arms!
 Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,
 Such Vertue could alone enslave me more:
 If you love *Maximus* to this degree!
 How would you be in Love, Did you Love Me?
 In Her, who to a Husband is so kind,
 What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?
 I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn
 By flowing streams of kindled Flames ore-born
 When North-winds drive the Torrent with a storm:
 These Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,
 And must in pity quench 'em in your own:
 Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th' Inflaming pow'r,
 Which was ordain'd to cast an Emperor
 Into Loves Fever, kindly did impart
 That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart.
 Thro' all those Joys. [Lays hold on Her.

Lucina, Hold, Sir, for Mercy's sake-----
 Love will abhor whatever Force can take.
 I may perhaps persuade my self in time
 That this is Duty which now seems a Crime;
 I'll to the Gods and beg they will inspire
 My Breast or Yours with what it shou'd desire.

Val. Fly to their Altars strait, and let 'em know
 Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,
 If to my Wishes they your Heart incline,
 Or th'are no longer Favourites of mine. [Exit *Lucina*.
 Ho *Chylax*, *Proculus*?

Enter

Enter Chylax, Proculus, Balbus and Lycin.

As ever you do hope to be by me
 Protected in your boundless Infamy,
 For Dissoluteness cherish'd, lov'd and prais'd,
 On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd
 Above the reach of Law, Reproof or Shame,
 Assist me now to quench my raging Flame.
 'Tis not as heretofore a Lambent Fire,
 Rais'd by some common Beauty in my Breast,
 Vapours from Idleness or loose Desire,
 By each new Motion easily suppress'd,
 But a fixt Heat that robs me of all rest.
 Before my Dazled Eyes cou'd you now place
 A thousand willing Beauties to allure
 And give me Lust for every loose Embrace,
Lucina's Love my Vertue would secure:
 From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,
 'Thas seiz'd upon my Heart, and may desie }
 That great Preservative Variety ! }
 Go, call your Wives to Council, and prepare
 To tempt, dissemble, promise, fawn and swear ;
 To make Faith look like Folly use our skill,
 Vertue and ill-bred Crossness in the Vill.
 Fame, the loose breathings of a Clamorous Crowd !
 Ever in Lyes most confident and loud !
 Honour a Notion ! Piety a Cheat !
 And if you prove successful Bawds, be great.

Chy. All hind'rance to your hopes we'll soon remove,
 And clear the Way to your triumphant Love.

Bal. *Lucina* for your Wishes we'll prepare,
 And shew we know to merit what weare. [*Exeunt.*

Val.

Val. Once more the pow'r of Vows and Tears I'll
 These may perhaps her gentle Nature move, (prove,
 To Pity first, by consequence to Love.
 Poor are the Brutal Conquests we obtain
 O'er Barb'rous Nations by the force of Arms,
 But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
 And plant our Trophies on our Conqu'rors Charms.

Enter Æcius.

Such Triumphs ev'n to us may honour bring.
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring:
 How now *Æcius*! Are the Souldiers quiet:

Æcius. Better I hope, Sir, than they were,

Val. Th'are pleas'd I hear
 To censure me extreemly for my Pleasures;
 Shortly they'll fight against me.

Æcius. Gods defend, Sir. And for their Censures
 Such shrewd Judges----- (they are

A Donative of ten Sesterces
 I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your Praises
 More than they sung your Pleasures.

Val. I believe thee!

Art thou in Love, *Æcius*, yet?

Æcius. Oh no, Sir, I am too coarse for Ladies; my
 That only am acquainted with Alarms, (Embraces,
 Would break their tender Bodies.

Val. Never fear it.

They are stronger than you think-----
 The Empress swears thou art a Lusty Souldier,
 A good one I believe thee.

Æcius. All that Goodness is but your Creature, Sir,

Val. But tell me truly,

For

For thou dar'st tell me.

Æcius. Any thing concerns you

That's fit for me to speak, or you to pardon.

Val. What say the Souldiers of me! And the same
Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, but deliver (words!
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

Æcius. I'll tell you, Sir; but with this Caution,
You be not stirr'd: For should the Gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they'd censure them too.

Val. Forward!

Æcius. Then to begin, They say you sleep too much,
By which they judge you, Sir, too sensual:
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasure:
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much;
From which they fear Suspitions first, then Ruine:
And when you neither drink nor sleep, you guess, Sir,
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,
Then dulls the edge of Honour, makes them seem,
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
Fencers and beaten Fools, and so regarded:
But I believe 'em not: For were these Truths,
Your Vertue can correct them.

Val. They speak plainly.

Æcius. They say moreover, Sir, since you will have
For they will take their freedoms tho' the Sword
Were at their throats: That of late times like *Nero*,
And with the same forgetfulness of Glory
You have got a vein of Fidling: So they term it.

Val. Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius*.

Æcius. So I hope, Sir.

They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers;
Fed with the Fat of the Empire, they call Bawds,

Lazy

Lazy and Lustful Creatures that abuse you.

Val. What Sin's next? For I perceive they have no
To spare me! (mind)

Æcius. Nor hurt you, on my Soul, Sir: But such
(Nor can the pow'r of man restrain it) (people)

When they are full of Meat, and Ease, must prate.

Val. Forward.

Æcius. I have spoken too much; Sir.

Val. I'll have all.

Æcius. It is not fit

Your Ears should hear their Vanities, no profit
Can justly arise to you from their Behaviour.

Unless you were guilty of these Crimes.

Val. It may be I am so. Therefore forward.

Æcius. I have ever learn'd to obey.

Val. No more Apologies.

Æcius. They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations whom our ancient Vertue
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring Life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair Obedience, and ev'n murmur
To see the Warlike Eagles mew their Honours
In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes;
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain
The Fruits of *Italy* are Luscious: Give us *Ægypt*,
Or sandy *Africk* to display our Valours, (gers
There, where our Swords may get us Meat and Dan
Digest our well-got Food, for here our Weapons
And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,
Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women!
And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*
Lin'd with hot *Spain* or *Gallia*? Bring 'em near:
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,

Pour

Pour on us his wing'd *Parthians* like a storm :
Hiding the face of Heav'n with show'rs of Arrows,
Yet we dare fight like *Romans* ; then as Souldiers
Tir'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds
Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in these Scars that make 'em lovely.
And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims
They reckon up the Times and loading Labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder (nour
That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Ho-
Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests ; (us !
And then they blame you, Sir-----And say, Who leads
Shall we stand here like Statues ! VVere our Fathers
The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians* !
Nothing but Silk and Softness ? Curses on 'em
That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices ;
For from the spring of these succeeding Princes-----
Thus they talk, Sir.

Val. VVell !

VVhy do you hear these things ?

Æcius. VVhy do you do 'em ?

I take the Gods to witness with more sorrow
And more vexation hear I these Reproaches (Glaſs.
Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-

Val. 'Tis like then you believe 'em, or at least,
Are glad they should be so : Take heed----- you were
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living (better
Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Æcius. I am old, Sir :

And ten years more addition is but nothing :
Now if my Life be pleasing to you, take it.
Upon my knees, if ever any Service

(As

(As let me brag, some have been worthy notice!)
 If ever any Worth or Trust you gave me
 Deserv'd a Favour, Sir; If all my Actions
 The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants
 For You and for the Empire be not Vices :
 By the stile you have stamp't upon me, Souldier !
 Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

Val. I understand you not.

Æcius. Let not this Body
 That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*
 And covetous of Wounds, and for your safety.
 After the scape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows,
 'Gainst which my beaten Body was my Armor !
 'Thro' Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be purchase
 For Slaves and base informers : I see Anger
 And Death look thro' your Eyes--- I am markt for
 Slaughter, and know the telling of this Truth has
 made Me

A man clean lost to this World---I embrace it,
 Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar* !

Is, I may die a *Roman*.-----

Val. Rise ! My Friend still,
 And worthy of my Love : Reclaim the Souldiers !
 I'll study to do so upon my self.

Go---keep your Command and prosper,

Æcius. Life to *Cæsar*.-----

[*Exit.*

Val. The Honesty of this *Æcius*,
 Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire,
 Is to be cherisht for the good it brings,
 Not valu'd as a Merit in the Owner !
 All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,
 And Duty has no Claim beyond Acknowledgment,
 Which I'll pay *Æcius*, whom I still have found

Dull,

Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave,
Talents as I could wish 'em for my Slave:
But, Oh this Woman!-----
Is it a sin to love this lovely Woman?
No; She is such a Pleasure, being good;
That tho' I were a God, shee'd fire my Blood. *Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chylax, Lycinius.

Bal. **I** Never saw the like, she's no more stirr'd,
"No more another Woman, no more alter'd
With any Hopes or Promises laid to her,
Let them be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own Legs.

Proc. Chylax!

You are a stranger yet in these Designs,
At least in *Rome*. Tell me, and tell me truth;
Did you e'er know in all your course of Practice,
In all the ways of Women you have run through?
For I presume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,
As we, to fetch and carry.

Chyl. True---I have so.

Proc. Did you, I say again in all this Progress,
Ever discover such a piece of Beauty,
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt,
One that must know her worth too and affect it;

I, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and Honest,
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations?
Honest to one Man, and to her Husband only,
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know
Why she is Honest?

Chyl. I confess it freely
I never saw her Fellow, nor ever shall:
For all our *Gracian* Dames as I have try'd,
And sure I have try'd a Hundred---- if I say Two,
I speak within my Compass: All these Beauties
And all the Constancy of all these Faces,
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling,
So they be *Greeks* and fat; for there's my Cunning:
I would undertake, and not sweat for't, *Proculus*,
VWere they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a Thousand pound to lay them flat:
But this Wench staggers me.

Lycin. Do you see these Jewels?
You would think these pretty Baits now; I'll assure
Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*. (you

Bal. These are nothing
To the full Honours I propounded to her.
I bid her think and be, and presently
VWhatever her Ambition, what the Counsel
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
Could more enlarge, what any Precedent
Of any VWoman rising up to Glory;
And standing certain there, and in the highest;
Could give her more: Nay to be Empress.

Proc. And cold at all these Offers?

Bal. Cold as Crystal,
Never to be thaw'd.

Chyl. I try'd her further:

And

of VALENTINIAN.

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And so far that I think, she is no Woman.
At least as Women go now.

Lycin. Why, what did you?

Chyl. I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress
Of as much spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her,
A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying down for ever of all Beauties,
That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

Chyl. I never knew that way fail; yet I tell you,
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saint start well consider'd;
The Law to be her Creature; she to make it,
Her Mouth to give it: Every thing alive
From her Aspect to draw their Good or evil,
Fixt in 'em spight of Fortune, a new Nature
She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages;
Time should be hers, what she did, flattering Vertues
Should bless to all Posterities, Her Air
Should give us Life, Her Earth and Water feed us,
And last to none but to the Emp'ror.
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so :)
She should be held a Mortal.

Lycin. And she heard you?

Chyl. Yes, as a sick man hears a Noise, or he
That stands condemn'd, his Judgment.
Well, if there can be Vertue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,
If it be so as Fools are us'd to feign it,
A Power that can preserve us after Death,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,
This Woman has a God of Vertue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Chyl. She has in her
 All the Contempt of Glory, and vain seeming
 Of all the *Stoicks*, All the Truth of *Christians*,
 And all their Constancy; Modesty was made
 When she was first intended; When she blushes
 It is the holiest thing to look upon;
 The purest Temple of her Sex, that ever
 Made Nature a blest Founder,
 If she were any way inclining
 To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory,
 Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a Venture:
 But on my Soul she is chaster than cold Champhire.

Bal. I think so too: For all the ways of Woman
 Like a full sail she bears against: I askt her
 After my many Offers, walking with her,
 And her many down Denials, How
 If the Emperor grown mad with Love should force
 She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by, (her
 And with an angry Look---that from her Eyes
 Shot Vestal Fire against me, she departed.

Pro. This is the first Woman I was ever pos'd in,
 Yet I have brought young loving things together
 This two and thirty Year.

Chyl. I find by this fair Lady
 The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
 A wise and subtle Calling: And for none
 But staid, discreet and understanding People:
 And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*
 Would say, A young man should not dare to read
 His Moral Books till after Five and Twenty,
 So must that He or She that will be Bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly Bawdy, and be trusted)
 If they will rise and gain Experience

Well

Well steep'd in Years and Discipline, begin it---
I take it 'tis no Boys Play.

Bal. What's to be thought of?

Proc. The Emperor must know it.

Lycin. If the Women should chance to fail too---

Chyl. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why what remains but new Nets for the pur-
Th' Emperor.----- (pose---

Enter Valentinian.

Emp. What ! Have you brought Her ?

Chyl. Brought her, Sir ! Alas,
What would you do with such a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love i'th' Empire cannot thaw,
A dull cross thing, insensible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promises, dead to Desire,
A tedious stickler for her Husband's Rights,
Who like a Beggars Curr hath brought her up
To fawn on him, and bark at all besides. (fear

Emp. Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, wer't not for
To do thee good by mending of thy Manners
Pd have thee whipt ! Is this th'account you bring
To ease the Torments of my restless mind ? (your'd

Balb. } *Cesar!* In vain your Vassals have endea-
Kneeling } By Promises, Perswasions, Reasons, Wealth,
All that can make the firmest Vertue bend,
To alter Her. Our Arguments like Darts
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost and do not leave the least Impression :
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome
Vertue that could resist the Emperor.

Emp. You impotent Provokers of my Lust,

Who can incite and have no power to help,
 How dare you be alive and I unsatisfied,
 Who to your Beings have no other Title
 Nor least Hopes to preserve 'em, but my Smiles;
 Who play like poisonous Insects all the Day
 In the warm Shine of me your Vital Sun;
 And when Night comes must perish-----
 Wretches! whose vicious Lives when I withdraw
 The Absolute Protection of my Favour,
 Will drag you into all the Miseries
 That your own Terrors, Universal Hate,
 And Law, with Jays and Whips can bring upon you,
 As you have fail'd to satisfy my Wishes,
 Perdition is the least you can expect,
 Who durst to undertake and not perform!
 Slaves! Was it fit I should be disappointed?
 Yet live-----

Continue infamous a little longer;
 You have deserv'd to end. But for this once
 I'll not tread out your nasty snuffs of Life;
 But had your poisonous Flatteries prevail'd
 Upon her Chastity I so admire,
 A Vertue that adds Fury to my Flames!
 Dogs had devour'd e're this your Carcasses;
 Is that an Object fit for my Desires
 Which lies within the reach of your persuasions!
 Had you by your infectious Industry
 Shew'd my *Lucina* frail to that degree,
 You had been damn'd for undeceiving me,
 But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,
 There lies the Joy and Glory of my Love!
 A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,
 And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe

The gaining of to any but my self:
 Haste strait to *Maximus*, and let him know
 He must come instantly and speak with me;
 The rest of you wait here---I'll play to night.
 You, sawcy Fool! send privately away. [To *Chyl.*
 For *Lycias* hither by the Garden Gate,
 That sweet-fac'd Eunuch that sung
 In *Maximus's* Grove the other day,
 And in my Closet keep him till I come. [Exit. *Valent.*
Chyl. I shall, Sir.

'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lycias*;
 And rightly understood,
 He's worth a thousand Womens Nicenesses!
 The Love of Women moves even with their Lust,
 Who therefore still are fond, but seldom just:
 Their Love is Ufury, while they pretend,
 To gain the Pleasure double which they lend.
 But a dear Boy's disinterested Flame
 Gives Pleasure, and for meer Love gathers pain;
 "In him alone Fondness sincere does prove,
 And the kind tender Naked Boy is Love, [Exit.

SCENE 2 A GARDEN.

Enter *Lucina*, *Ardelia* and *Phorba*.

Ard. You still insist upon that Idol Honour,
 Can it renew your Youth? Can it add Wealth?
 Or take off wrinkles? Can it draw mens Eyes,
 To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
 That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,
 And lookt into, bears no Reward but Danger,
 Leave you the most respected Woman living?

Or can the common Kisses of a Husband
 (Which to a Sprightly Lady is a Labour)
 Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd,
 The Honour of a Woman is her Praises,
 The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,
 And not to bury such a happy Sweetness
 Under a smoaking Roof.

Lucin. I'll hear no more. (*Beauty,*

Phorb. That White and Red, and all that blooming
 Kept from the Eyes that make it so, is nothing:
 Then you are truly fair when men proclaim it:
 The *Phoenix* that was never seen is doubted,
 But when the Vertue's known, the Honours doubled:
 Vertue is either lame or not at all,
 And Love à Sacrilege and not a Saint,
 When it barrs up the way to mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay you shall love your Husband too: We
 Come not to make a Monster of you.

Lucin. Are you Women?

Ard. You'll find us so; and Women you shall thank
 If you have but Grace to make your Use. (*too,*

Lucin. Fie on you.

Phorb. Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul
 Had you no other Vertue, but your Blushes,
 And I a man, I should run mad for those!
 How prettily they set her off! how sweetly!

Ard. Come Goddeffs, come! you move too near the
 It must not be, a better Orb stays for you. (*Earth,*

Lucin. Pray leave me.

Phorb. That were a Sin, sweet Madam, and a way
 To make us guilty of your Melancholy,
 You must not be alone; In Conversation, (*ence*
 Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Consci-
 Made

Made easy and allowable.

Lucin. Ye are Devils. (tion.

Ard. That you may one day bleſs for your Damna-

Lucin. I charge you in the Name of Chaſtity,

Tempt me no more : How ugly you ſeem to me!

There's no wonder Men Deſame our Sex,

And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,

When ſuch as you ſhall bear the Name of Women!

If you had Eyes to ſee your ſelves, or ſenſe,

Above the baſe Rewards ye earn with ſhame!

If ever in your Lives ye heard of Goodneſs

Tho' many Regions off,----as men hear Thunder;

If ever you had Fathers, and they Souls,

Or ever Mothers, and not ſuch as you are!

If ever any thing were conſtant in you

Befides your Sins!

If any of your Anceſtors,

Dy'd worth a Noble Deed----that would becheriſh'd,

Soul-frighted with this black Infection,

You would run from one anothers Repentance,

And from your Guilty Eyes drop out thoſe Sins

That made ye Blind and Beaſts.

Phorb. You ſpeak well, Madam!

A ſign of fruitful Education,

If your Religious Zeal had Wiſdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bleſs the Empire,

And we may all give thanks for Her.

Phorb. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor,

From his wild flying Courſes, this is ſhe!

She can inſtruct him--if you mark--ſhe's wiſe too.

Phorb. Exceeding wiſe, which is a wonder in her;

And ſo Religious that I well believe,

Tho'

Tho' she wou'd sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides

She has the Empire's Cause in hand, not Love's.

There lies the main consideration,

For which she is chiefly born.

Phorb. She finds that Point

Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it,

I look by her means for a Reformation,

And such a one, and such a rare way carry'd.

Ard. I never thought the Emperor had Wisdom,

Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,

Till he profess this Love. — Gods give 'em Children

Such as her Vertues merit and his Zeal;

I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,

Or greater than *Octavius*.

Phorb. Do you mark too

Which is a Noble Vertue---how she blushes,

And what flowing Modesty runs through her

When we but name the Emperor.

Ard. Mark it!

Yes, and admire it too : For she considers

Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and Vertuous

As holy Truth ; Yet to the Emperor,

She is a kind of Nothing---but her Service ;

Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it ;

And when her Countries Cause commands Affection,

She knows Obedience is the Key of Vertues,

Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows :

And though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,

Would fain cry, stay *Lucina*---yet the Cause

And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love

Makes her find surer Ends and happier,

And if the first were chaste these are twice doubled.

Phorb.

Phorb. Her Tartness to us too.

Ard. That's a wise one.

Phorb. I like it, it shews a rising Wisdom,
That chides all common Fools who dare enquire
What Princes would have private.

Ard. What a Lady shall we be blest to serve?

Lucin. Go -- get you from me,

Ye are your Purples Agents not the Princes,
Is this the Vertuous Love you train'd me out to?

Am I a Woman fit to Imp your Vices?

But that I had a Mother, and a Woman
Whose ever living Fame turns all it touches
Into the Good, it self was, I should now,
Even doubt my self; I have been searcht so near
The very Soul of Honour. Why shoud you Two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am!

Fairer I think by much (for yet your Faces,
Like ancient well-built Piles shew worthy Ruines)
After that Angel Age, turn mortal Devils!

For Shame, for Woman-hood, for what you have been,
(For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches.)

If you have hope of any Heav'n but Court,
Which like a Dream you'll find hereafter vanish:
Or at the best but subject to Repentance!

Study no more to be ill spoken of,
Let Women live themselves, if they must fail;
Their own Destruction find 'em.

Ard. You are so excellent in all,
That I must tell it you with Admiration!
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear!

And when you come to Anger--'tis so Noble,
That for my own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,

And

And your way guided else (I count it nothing)
Are either Fools or Fearful.

Phorb. She were no Mistress for the World's great
Could she not frown a ravisht Kiss from Anger,
And such an Anger as this Lady shews us,
Struck with such pleasing Dangers (Gods I ask ye)
Which of you all could hold from?

Lucin. I perceive you,
Your own dark Sins dwell with you, and that price
You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
Run to Diseases with you---I despise you,
And all the Nets you have pitcht to catch my Vertue,
Like Spiders-Webs, I sweep away before me !
Go ! tell th'Emperor, You have met a Woman,
That neither his own Person, which is God-like,
The World he rules, nor what that World can pur-
chase,

Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cesar* !
The Honours that he offers for my Honour,
The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries,
Nor any thing that's His, and apt to tempt.
No ! not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,
Can make a Whore of me.

Ard. You mistake us, Madam.

Lucin. Yet tell him this, h'as much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his Slaves and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurfses for his Sins ! which Gods, forgive me,
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Vice---assure him,
And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,
I never can ; I have a Noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too : Yet a Noble Name,

A Noble Family, and last a Conscience.
Thus much by way of Answer; for your selves,
You have liv'd the shame of Women----die the better.
[Exit. Lucin.

Phorb. What's now to do?

Ard. Even as she said, to die.

For there's no living here and Women thus,
I am sure for us two.

Phorb. Nothing stick upon her?----

Ard. We have lost a Mass of Money. Well Dame
Yet you may halt if good Luck serve! (Vertue,

Phorb. Worms take her.

Ard. So Godly----

This is ill Breeding; *Phorba.*

Phorb. If the Women
Should have a longing now to see the Monster,
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, *Phorba!*

But if it be I'll have the Young men hang'd.

---Come---let's go think---she must not scape us
thus.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene Opens, and Discovers the Emperor
at Dice.

Maxim, Lycin. Proc. and Chylax.

Emp. **N**AY! set my Hand out: 'Tis not just
I should neglect my Luck when 'tis so
prosperous:

Chyl.

Chyl. If I have any thing to set you, Sir, but Cloths
And good Conditions, let me perish,
You have all my Money.

Proc. And mine.

Lycin. And mine too.

Max. You may trust us sure till to morrow,
Or if you please, I'll send home for Money presently.

Emp. 'Tis already morning, and staying will be
tedious.

My Luck will vanish e're your Money comes.

Chyl. Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Houses?

Emp. Yes fairly.

Chyl. That at my Villa----

Emp. At it----'Tis mine.

Chyl. Then farewell, Fig-Trees: For I can never
redeem 'em.

Emp. Who sets?----Set any thing.

Lycin. At my Horse.

Emp. The Dapple Spaniard?

Lycin. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Lycin. He is so.

Max. Ha!

Lycin. Nothing, my Lord! But Pox on my Damn'd
Fortune.

Emp. Come, *Maximus*; You were not wont to flinch.

Max. By Heaven, Sir, I have not a Penny.

Emp. Then that Ring.

Max. O Good Sir, This was not given to lose.

Emp. Some Love-Token----Set it I say!

Max. I beg you, Sir.

Emp. How silly and how fond you are grown
of Toys!

Max.

Max. Shall I redeem it?

Emp. When you please, to morrow
or next day as you will: I do not care
Only for luck-sake-----

Max. There Sir, will you throw?

Emp. Why then, have at it fairly; the last stake!
Tis mine.

Max. Yare ever Fortunate; to morrow
I'll bring you---what you please to think it worth.

Emp. Then your *Arabian Horse*; but for this night
I'll wear it as my Victory.

Enter Balbus.

Balb. From the Camp
Scius in haste has sent these Letters, Sir;
seems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

Emp. Maximus----This is ill News. Next Week
they are to March.

You must away immediately; no stay,
No, not so much as to take leave at home.

This careful haste may probably appease 'em;
Send word, what are their Numbers;
And Money shall be sent to Pay 'em all.
besides something by way of Donative.

Max. I'll not delay a moment, Sir,
The Gods preserve you in this mind for ever.

Emp. I'll see 'em March my self.

Max. Gods ever keep you---- [Exit. *Max.*

Emp. To what end now de'e think this Ring shall
serve?

for you are the dull'st and the veriest Rogues-----
fellows that know only by roat as Birds

Whistle

Whistle and sing.

Chyl. Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

Emp. The Lady! Blockhead! which end of the Her Nose!

Chyl. Faith, Sir, that I know not.

Emp. Then pray for him that does--- [Exit. *Chyl.*
Perch in the Eunuch ;

You! See th'Appartment made very fine
That lies upon the Garden, Masks and Musick,
With the best speed you can And all your Arts
Serve to the highest for my Master-piece
Is now on Foot.

Proc. Sir, we shall have a care.

Emp. I'll sleep an hour or two ; and let the Women
Put on a graver shew of welcome!
Your Wives! they are such Haggard-Bawds,
A Thought too eager: [Enter *Chyl.* and *Lycias*

Chyl. Here's *Lycias*, Sir:

Lyc. Long Life to mighty *Cesar*.

Emp. Fortune to thee, for I must use thee, *Lycias*.

Lyc. I am the humble Slave of *Cesar's* Will,
By my Ambition bound to his Commands,
As by my Duty.

Emp. Follow me:

Lyc. With Joy.----- [Exeunt.

SCENE 2. GROVE and FOREST:

Enter *Lucina*.

Lucin. Dear solitary Groves where Peace does
--dwell,
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!

How

How willingly could I for ever stay
 Beneath the shade of your embracing Greens,
 Listening to Harmony of warbling Birds,
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams,
 Upon whose Banks in various Livery,
 The fragrant offspring of the early Year;
 Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,
 See their own Beauties in the Chrystal Flood?
 Of these I could Mysterious Chaplets weave,
 Expressing some kind innocent Design,
 To shew my *Maximus* at his return,
 And fondly chiding make his Heart confess,
 How far my busie Idleness excels,
 The idle Business he pursues all day,
 At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp,
 Robbing my Eyes of what they love to see,
 My Ears of his dear Words they wish to hear,
 My longing Arms of th'Embrace they covet:
 Forgive me Heav'n! if when I these enjoy,
 So perfect is the happiness I find,
 That my Soul satisf'd feels no Ambition,
 To change these humble Roofs and sit above.

Enter Marcellina.

Marc. Madam, My Lord just now alighted here,
 Was by an Order from th'Emperor,
 Call'd back to Court!

This he commanded me to let you know,
 And that he would make haste in his return.

Luc. The Emperor!

Unwonted Horror seizes me all o'er,
 When I but hear him nam'd: sure 'tis not Hate;

D d

For

For tho' his impious Love with scorn I heard,
 And fled with terror from his threatening force,
 Duty commands me humbly to forgive,
 And bless the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!
 Nay more methinks he is the gracefullest man,
 His Words so fram'd to tempt, himself to please,
 That 'tis my wonder how the Pow'rs above,
 Those wise and careful Guardians of the Good,
 Have trusted such a force of tempting Charms,
 To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!

'Tis then some strange Prophetick Fear I feel,
 That seems to warn me of approaching Ills.
 Go *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and sing that Song,
 My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away,
 The Melancholy Thoughts his Absence breeds!
 Come gentle Slumbers in your flattering Arms,
 I'll bury these Disquiets of my Mind,
 Till *Maximus* returns----for when he's here,
 My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.

Marcellina sings----

S O N G.

By Mr W.

WHere wou'd coy *Aminta* run,
 From a despairing Lovers Story?
 When her Eyes have Conquests won,
 Why shou'd her Ear refuse the Glory?
 Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain,
 Be forbidden to complain?
 Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
 Let her Looks her Life deny me.
 Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,

Or

*Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief;
Much to Love, and much to Pray,
Is to Heaven the only Way.*

Mar. She sleeps.

*[The Song ended, Exeunt Claudia
and Marcellina before the Dance.]*

SCENE 3. *Dance of Satyrs.*

Enter Claudia and Marcellina to Lucina.

Claud. Prithee, what ails my Lady that of late,
She never cares for Company?

Mar. I know not,
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

Claud. Ridiculous! That were a Childish Fear!
Tis Opportunity does cause 'em rather,
When two made one are glad to be alone.

Marc. But *Claudia*---Why this sitting up all Night;
In Groves by purling streams? This argues Heat!
Great Heat and Vapors, which are main Corrupters!
Mark when you will; your Ladies that have Vapors!
They are not Flinchers, that insulting Spleen,
Is the Artillery of pow'rful Lust;
Discharg'd upon weak Honour which stands out,
Two Fits of Head-Ach, at the most, then yields.

Claudia. Thou art the frailest Creature, *Marcellina*!
And think'st all Womens Honours like thy own!
So thin a Cobweb that each blast of Passion,
Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl!
I think I may be well stil'd Honours Martyr.
With firmest Constancy I have endur'd,

'The raging Heats of passionate Desires !
 While flaming Love and boiling Nature both,
 Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture:
 I arm'd with Resolution stood it out,
 And kept my Honour safe.

Marc. Thy Glory's great !

But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heav'n that I am made,
 The weakest of all Women: fram'd so frail,
 That Honour ne'er thought fit to chuse me out ;
 His Champion against Pleasure : my poor Heart,
 For divers years still tost from Flame to Flame,
 Is now burnt up to Tinder; every Spark,
 Dropt from kind Eyes sets it a-fire afresh,
 Prest by a gentle hand I melt away,
 One Sigh's a Storm that blows me all along ;
 Pity a wretch, who has no Charm at all,
 Against th'impetuous Tide of flowing Pleasure,
 Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain,
 The glorious War made upon Flesh and Blood,
 But is a Sacrifice to every wish,
 And has no power left to resist a Joy.

Claud. Poor Girl! How strange a Riddle Vertue is?
 They never miss it who possess it not ;
 And they who have it ever find a want.
 With what Tranquillity and Peace thou liv'st!
 For stript of Shame, thou hast no cause to fear ;
 While I the Slave of Vertue am afraid,
 Of every thing I see : And think the World,
 A dreadful Wilderness of savage Beasts ;
 Each man I meet I fancy will devour me ;
 And sway'd by Rules not natural but affected,
 I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

Marc. 'Tis nothing less than Witchcraft can constrain
 Still

Still to persist in Errors we perceive !
 Prithee reform ; what Nature prompts us to,
 And Reason seconds, Why should we avoid ?
 This Honour is the veriest Mountebank,
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
 And make us freakish ; what a Cheat must that be,
 Which robs our Lives of all their softer hours,
 Beauty our only Treasure it lays waste.
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
 To the detested state of Age and Ugliness,
 Tearing our dearest Hearts Desires from us.
 Then in reward of what it took away,
 Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,
 It bountifully pays us all with Pride !
 Poor shifts ! still to be proud and never pleas'd,
 Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Claud. Concluded like thy self, for sure thou art,
 The most corrupt corrupting thing alive,
 Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit :
 'Tis but false Wisdom ; and its Property,
 Has ever been to take the part of Vice,
 Which tho' the Fancy with vain shows it please,
 Yet wants a power to satisfy the Mind.

Lucina wakes.

Claud. But see my Lady wakes and comes this way.
 Bless me ! how pale, and how confus'd she looks !

Luc. In what Fantastique new World have I been ?
 What Horrors past ? What threatening Visions seen ?
 Wrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,
 The Host of Heav'n and Hell did round me Dance :
 Debates arose betwixt the Pow'rs above,

And those below; Methoughts they talkt of Love,
 And nam'd me often; but it could not be,
 Of any Love that had to do with me.
 For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,
 I never heard one Word of *Maximus*.

Discourteous Nymphs! who own these murmuring
 Floods,

And you unkind Divinities o'th' Woods!
 When to your Banks and Bowers I came distress'd,
 Half dead thro' absence, seeking Peace and Rest,
 Why would you not protect by these your Streams,
 A sleeping wretch from such wild dismal Dreams!
 Mismatchen Monsters round in Measures went,
 Horrid in Form with Gestures insupportable;
 Grinning thro' Goatish Beards with half clos'd Eyes,
 They look'd me in the face, frighted to rise!
 In vain I did attempt, methought no Ground,
 Was to support my sinking Footsteps, found.
 In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,
 Crying for help, my Voice was snatcht away.

And when I would have fled,
 My Limbs benumm'd, or dead,
 Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey.
 Upon my absent Lord, for help I cry'd,
 But in that Moment when I must have dy'd,
 With Anguish of my fears confusing pains,
 Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains.

Claud. Madam, Alas such Accidents as these,
 Are not of Value to disturb your Peace! (wrought,
 The cold damp-Dews of Night have mixt and)
 With the dark Melancholy of your Thought.
 And thro' your Fancy these Illusions brought.
 I still have markt your Fondness will afford,
 No hour of Joy in th' absence of my Lord.

Enter

Enter Lycias, A Ring!

Lucin. Absent, all night--- and never send me word?

Lyci. Madam, while sleeping by those Banks you lay!

One from my Lord commanded me away,

In all obedient haste I went to Court,

Where busie Crowds confus'dly did resort;

News from the Camp it seems was then arriv'd,

Of Tumults rais'd and Civil Wars contriv'd;

The Emperor frighted from his Bed does call,

Grave Senators to Council in the Hall----

Throngs of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars,

Wait for Employments, praying hard for VVars,

At Council Door attend with fair pretence,

In Knavish Decency and Reverence,

Banquers, who with officious Diligence----

Lend Money to supply the present need,

At treble Use that greater may succeed,

So publick Wants will private Plenty breed,

Whisp'ring in every Corner you might see.

Lucin. But what's all this to *Maximus* and me?

Where is my Lord? What Message has he sent?

Is he in Health? What fatal Accident,

Does all this while his wisht Return prevent?

Lyc. When e'er the Gods that happy hour decree,

May he appear Safe and with Victory;

Of many Hero's who stood Candidate,

To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate;

To Quell Rebellion and Protect the Throne,

A Choice was made of *Maximus* alone;

The People, Souldiers, Senate, Emperor,

For *Maximus* with one consent concur.

Their new-born hopes now hurry him away,
 Nor will their Fears admit one moments stay :
 Trembling through Terror lest he come too late,)
 They huddle his Dispatch while at the Gate,
 The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait. }

Lucin. These fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold!
 Why should the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold ?
 He ne'er reflects upon my Destiny,
 So careless of himself, undoing me.
 Ah, *Clandia* ! in my Visions so unskill'd,
 He'll to the Army go and there be kill'd.
 Forgetful of my Love ; He'll not afford,
 The easy Favour of a parting Word ;
 Of all my Wishes he's alone the Scope,
 And he's the only End of all my Hope,
 My fill of Joy, and what is yet above
 Joys, Hopes, and Wishes----He is all my Love :
 Mysterious Honour tell me what thou art !
 That takes up different Forms in every Heart ;
 And dost to diverse Ends and Interests move :
 Conquest is his----my Honour is my Love.
 Both these do Paths so oppositely chuse,
 By following one you must the other lose.
 So two strait Lines from the same Point begun,
 Can never meet, tho' without end they run-----
 Alas, I rave !

Lycias. Look on thy Glory, Love, and smile to see,
 Two faithful Hearts at strife for Victory !
 Who blazing in thy sacred Fires contend,
 While both their equal Flames to Heav'n ascend.
 The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue,
 Lest in my Message I his Passion wrong ;
 You'll better guess the Anguish of his Heart,
 From what you feel, than what I can impart;

But,

But, Madam, know the Moment I was come,
 His Watchful Eye perceiv'd me in the Room;
 When with a quick precipitated haste,
 From *Cæsar's* Bosom where he stood embrac'd,
 Piercing the busie Crowd to me he past,
 Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,
 He scarce had Breath to give this short Command,
 With thy best speed to my *Lucina* fly,
 If I must part, unseen by her I die;
 Decrees inevitable from above,
 And Fate which takes too little Care of Love,
 Force me away: Tell her 'tis my Request,
 By those kind Fires she kindled in my Breast;
 Our future hopes and all that we hold dear,
 She instantly wou'd come and see me here.
 That parting Grievs to her I may reveal,
 And on her Lips propitious Omens seal.
 Affairs that press in this short space of time,
 Afford no other place without a Crime;
 And that thou maist not fail of wisht for Ends,
 In a success whereon my Life depends,
 Give her this Ring. *[Looks on the Ring.]*

Lucin. How strange soever these Commands appear,
 Love awes my Reason, and controuls my Fear.
 But how couldst thou employ thy lavish Tongue,
 So idly to be telling this so long;
 When ev'ry moment thou hast spent in vain,
 Was half the Life that did to me remain.
 Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wishes smile,
 And make me happy yet a little while.
 If through my Fears I can such Sorrow show,
 As to convince I perish if he go:
 Pity perhaps his gen'rous Heart may move,
 To sacrifice his Glory to his Love.

I'll

I'll not Despair.

VVho knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
 Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.

[Exit. Lucina.

Eye. Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's sour
 How easily this mighty work was done! (own,

VVell! first or last all VVomen must be won----

" It is their Fate and cannot be withstood,

" The wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood;

" Or if through peevish Honour, Nature fail,

" They do but lose their Thanks, Art will prevail.

[Exit.

SCENE 4.

Enter Aecius pursuing Pontius, and Maximus following.

Max. Temper your self, *Aecius*. (man.

Pont. Hold, my Lord---I am a Souldier and a Ro-

Max. Pray Sir!

Aecius. Thou art a lying Villain and a Traytor.
 Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,
 You'll make me dang'rous: How dar'st thou pluck
 The Souldiers to Sedition, and I Living?
 And sow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then,
 VVhen I am drawing out to Action?

Pont. Hear me!

Max. Are you a man?

Aecius. I am true, *Maximus*!

And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say!

Aecius. That's the way,

To pardon him, I am so easy Natur'd,

That

of VALENTINIAN. 411

That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

Pont. I do beseech you, worthy General!

Æcius. H'has found the way already. Give me room,
And if he scape me then, H'has Mercy.

Pont. I do not call you Worthy, that I fear you:
I never car'd for Death; if you will kill me,
Consider first for what! not what you can do:

'Tis true I know you are my General;
And by that great Prerogative may kill.-----

Æcius. He argues with me!
By Heav'n a made-up, finish'd Rebel.

Max. Pray consider what certain ground you have.

Æcius. VWhat Grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Souldiers,
How lazily they liv'd; and what dishonour
It was to serve a Prince so full of Softness!

These were his very VVords, Sir.

Max. These! *Æcius.*

Tho' they were rashly spoken, which was an Error,
A great one, *Pontius!* yet from him that hungers

For War, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd!

The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of ill makes Tray-
Not spleeny Speeches----- (tors,----

Æcius. VWhy should you protect him?

Go to----it scarce shews honest-----

Max. Taint me not!

For that shews worse, *Æcius!* All your Friendship,
And that pretended Love you lay upon me;

(Hold back my Honesty!) is like a Favour,

You do your Slave to day----to morrow hang him;

VWas I your Bosom-Friend for this?

Æcius. Forgive me!

So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,

That

That oft it makes me to forget my self;
 And tho' I strive to be without my Passion,
 I am no God, Sir; For you whose infection,
 Has spread it self like poison thro' the Army,
 And cast a killing Fog on fair Allegiance!
 First thank this Noble Gentleman; you had dy'd else:
 Next from your Place and Honour of a Souldier,
 I here seclude you.

Pont. May I speak yet?

Max. Hear him.

Æcius. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation,
 At least Command! You bear no Arms for *Rome*, Sir.

Pont. Against her I shall never: The condemn'd man
 Has yet the privilege to speak, my Lord,
 Law were not equal else.

Max. Pray hear, *Æcius*,
 For happily the fault he has committed,
 Tho' I believe it mighty; yet consider'd,
 If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove
 Rather a hasty Sin than heinous.

Æcius. Speak.

(Peace,

Pont. 'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with
 My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,
 Telling the Souldiers what a man we serve,
 Led from us by the Flourishes of Fencers;
 I blam'd him too for softness.

Æcius. To the rest, Sir.

Pont. 'Tis true I told 'em too,
 We lay at home to shew our Country,
 We durst go naked, durst want Meat and Money;
 And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durst be thirsty.
 I told 'em too, the Trees and Roots,
 Were our best Pay-masters.

'Tis

'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plow-shares, their sure Targets,
And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades and Pruning-Knives: their warlike,
Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

Æcius. What think you?

Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give Example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

(pire,

Pont. My Lord! I did not woove 'em from the Em-
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel against *Cæsar*;
The Gods for ever hate me if that motion,
Were part of me; Give me but Employment,
And way to live, and where you find me vicious,
Bred up to mutiny, my Sword shall tell you,
And if you please that Place I held maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*: I'm honest!
A lover of my Country, one that holds,
His Life no longer His, than kept for *Cæsar*:
Weigh not--- (I thus low on my Knee beseech you!)
What my rude Tongue discover'd, 'twas my want,
No other part of *Pontius*. You have seen me,
And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traytor.

Æcius. All your Language
Makes but against you, *Pontius*! you are cast,
And by my Honour, and my Love to *Cæsar*,
By me shall never be restor'd in Camp;
I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himself,
Dare talk but near Sedition: As I govern,
All shall obey, and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service shall redress their needs,

Not

Not prating what they wou'd be.

Pont. Thus I leave you,
Yet shall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune,
Must follow you no more; be still about you.
Gods give you where you fight the Victory!
You cannot cast my wishes.

Æcius. Come, my Lord!
Now to the Field again.

Max. Alas, poor *Pontius*! [Exit.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Enter Chylax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus
at another.*

Lyc. **H**OW now!
Chyl. She's come.

Balb. Then I'll to the Emperor! [Exit. *Balb.*

Chyl. Is the Musick plac'd well?

Lyc. Excellent.

Chyl. *Lycinius*, you and *Procnus* receive 'em,
In the great Chamber at her Entrance.

Lycin. Let us alone.

Chyl. And do you hear, *Lycinius*,
Pray let the Women ply her farther off,
And with much more Discretion: one word more,
Are all the Maskers ready?

Lycin. Take no care, man. [Exit.

Chyl. I am all over in a Sweat with Pimping;
'Tis a laborious moiling Trade this.----- *Enter*

Enter Emperour, Balb. and Procul.

Emp. Is she come?

Chyl. She is, Sir! but 'twere best
That you were last seen to her.

Emp. So I mean.

Keep your Court empty, *Proculus.*

Proc. 'Tis done, Sir.

Emp. Be not too sudden to her.

Chyl. Good sweet Sir,

Retire and Man your self: Let us alone,
We are no Children this way: One thing, Sir!

'Tis necessary, that her She-Companions
Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women,
They'll break the Business off.

Emp. 'Tis true: They shall.

Chyl. Remember your Place, *Proculus.*

Proc. I warrant you---- [*Ex. Emp. Balb. & Proc.*]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina and Lycias.

Chyl. She enters! Who waits there? [*Air.*]

The Emperour calls for his Chariots, he will take the

Lucin. I am glad I came in such a happy hour

When He'll be absent: This removes all Fears;

But *Lycias*, lead me to my Lord,

Heav'n grant he be not gone.

Lyc. Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!

I'll run and see. But if you miss my Lord,

And find a better to supply his Room,

Change so happy will not discontent you---

[*Exit.*]

Luc.

Luc. What means that unwonted Insolence of this
Now I begin to fear again. Oh-- Honour, (Slave?
If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman?
And Sacrifice of Modesty Offerr'd to thee?
Hold me fast now; and I'll be safe for ever.

Chyl. The fair *Lucina*! Nay then I find
Our slander'd Court has not sinn'd up so high
To fright all the good Angels from its Care,
Since they have sent so great a Blessing hither.
Madam--- I beg th' Advantage of my Fortune,
VWho as I am the first have met you here,
May humbly hope to be made proud and happy
VWith the Honour of your first Command and Service.

Lucin. Sir, I am so far from knowing how to merit
Your Service, that your Complement's too much,
And I return it you with all my Heart.
You'll want it, Sir, for those who know you better.

Chyl. Madam, I have the honour to be own'd
By *Maximus* for his most humble Servant,
Which gives me Confidence.

Marc. Now, *Claudia*, for a Wager,
What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

Claud. Why some grave Statesman,
By his Looks a Courtier.

Marc. *Claudia*, a Bawd: By all my hopes a Bawd!
What use can reverend Gravity be of here,
To any but a trusty Bawd?
Statesmen are markt for Fops by it; besides
Nothing but Sin and Laziness could make him
So very fat, and look so fleshy on't.

Lucin. But is my Lord not gone yet, do you say, Sir?

Chyl. He is not, Madam, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,

You

You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucin. Whither?

Chyl. Why, to my Lord.

Lucin. Is it impossible

To find him in this Place without a Guide,

For I would willingly not trouble you?

Chyl. My only Trouble, Madam, is my fear,
I'm too unworthy of so great an Honour.

But here you're in the publick Gallery,

Where th' Emperour must pass, unless you'd see him.

Lucin. Bless me, Sir--No--pray lead me any whither,
My Lord cannot be long before he finds me. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus. *Musick.*

Lycin. She's coming up the Stairs: now the Musick,
And as that softens---her Love will grow warm,
Till she melts down. Then *Cesar* lays his Stamp.
Burn these Perfumes there.

Prot. Peace, no noise without.

A S O N G.

Nymph.

I Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no pity know?
Since of my self from thee I cannot part,
Invent some gentle Way to let me go.

For what with Joy thou didst obtain,
And I with more did give;
In time will make thee false and vain,
And me unfit to live.

E e

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

*Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,
With vain pretence Falshood therein might lie;
Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er your Scorn,
You cannot sooner change than I can die.*

*To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest.*

Chorus.

*Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
While in that sacred Fire;
Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,
Together both expire.*

Enter Chyl. Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina.

Lucin. Where is this Wretch, this Villain *Lycius*?
Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it.
I am certainly betray'd. This cursed Ring
Is either counterfeit or stolen.

Claud. Your Fear
Does but disarm your Resolution,
Which may defend you in the worst Extreame:
Or if that fail. Are there not Gods and Angels?

Lucin. None in this Place I fear, but evil ones.
Heaven pity me!

Chyl. But tell me, dearest Madam,
How do you like the Song?

Lucin. Sir, I am no Judge
Of Musick, and the words, I thank my Gods,
I did not understand.

Chyl.

Chyl. The Emperour
Has the best Talent at expounding 'em;
You'll ne'er forget a Lesson of his teaching.

Lucin. Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*;
Would lead me to him? He shall thank you, Sir,
As you desire.

Chyl. Madam, he shall not need,
I have a Master will reward my Service,
When you have made him happy with your Love,
For which he hourly languishes--Be kind-- [*Whispers.*]

Lucin. The Gods shall kill me first.

Chyl. Think better on't.
'Tis sweeter dying in the Emperour's Arms.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

But here are Ladies come to see you, Madam,
They'll entertain you better. I but tire you;
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring
Your lov'd Lord to you--- [*Exit.*]

Lucin. Then I'll thank you.
I am betray'd for certain.

Phorb. You are a welcome Woman.

Ard. Bless me Heaven!
How did you find your way to Court?

Lucin. I know not; would I had never trod it.

Phorb. Prithee tell me. [*Call Emp. behind.*]
Good pretty Lady, and dear sweet Heart, love us,
For we love thee extreamly. Is not this Place
A Paradise to live in?

Lucin. Yes, to you,
Who know no Paradise but guilty Pleasure.

Ard. Heard you the Musick yet?

Lucin. 'Twas none to me.

Phor. You must not be thus froward. Well, this gown
Is one o'th' prettiest, by my troth *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not made to frown in, Madam.
You put this Gown on when you came.

Ard. How d'ye?

Alas, poor Wretch, how cold it is!

Lucin. Content you.

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
So you will let me be so----Where's my Lord?
For that's the business I come for hither.

Phor. We'll lead you to him: he's i'th' Gallery.

Ard. We'll shew you all the Court too.

Lucin. Shew me him,

And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Phor. Come on, we'll be your Guides; and as you go,
We have some pretty Tales to tell you, Madam,
Shall make you merry too. You come not hither
To be sad, *Lucina*.

Lucin. Would I might not--- [Exeunt.

Enter Chylax and Balbus in haste.

Chyl. Now see all ready, *Balbus*: run.

Balb. I fly, Boy--- [Exit.

Chyl. The Women by this time are warning of her,
If she holds out them, the Emperour
Takes her to task---he has her---Hark, I hear 'em.

Enter Emperour drawing in Lucina. Ring.

Emp. Would you have run away so flily, Madam?

Lucin. I beseech you, Sir,
Consider what I am, and whose.

Emp.

Emp. I do so.

For what you are, I am fill'd with such Amaze,
So far transported with desire and Love,
My slippery Soul flows to you while I speak,
And whose you were, I care not, for now you are mine,
Who love you, and will doat on you more
Than you do on your Vertue.

Lucin. Sacred *Cesar*!

Emp. You shall not kneel to me; rise.

Lucin. Look upon me,

And if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear Lord
Has ever serv'd you truly---fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to die for *Cesar*;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted,
In all the Actions of his Life.

Emp. How high does this fantastick Vertue swell?
She thinks it Infamy to please too well. [*Aside.*
I know it---- [*To her.*

Lucin. His Merits & his Fame have grown together,
Together flourish'd like two spreading Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem. O let not
(As you have a Heart that's humane in you)
The having of an honest Wife decline him;
Let not my Vertue be a wedge to break him,
Much less my Shame his undeserv'd Dishonour.
I do not think you are so bad a man;
I know Report belies you; you are *Cesar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Glory;
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,

To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Woman.

Emp. I dare not do it here. [*Aside.*] Rise, fair *Lucina*,
When you believe me worthy, make me happy.

Chylax; wait on her to her Lord within.

Wipe your fair Eyes----- [*Ex. Chyl. & Lucin.*]

Ah Love! ah cursed Boy!

Where art thou that torments me thus unseen,
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,
With Idle purpose to inflame her Heart,
Which is as inaccessible and cold,
As the proud tops of those aspiring Hills,
Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er 'em every day?
And as his Beams, which only shine above,
Scorch and consume in Regions round below,
Soft Love which throws such Brightness thro' her eyes,
Leaves her Heart cold and burns me at her Feet;
My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,
A glory round her lovely Face, a fire within my Heart.
Who waits without? *Lycinus*?

Enter Lycinus.

Lycin. My Lord. (Night?)

Emp. Where are the Maskers that should dance to

Lycin. In the old Hall, Sir, going now to practise.

Emp. About it strait. 'Twill serve to draw away
Those listning Fools who trace it in the Gallery;
And if by chance odd noises should be heard,
As Womens Shrieks, or so; say, 'tis a Play
Is practising within. (Prank.)

Lycin. The Rape of *Lucrece*, or some such merry
It shall be done, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Emp.

Emp. 'Tis nobler like a Lion to invade
Where Appetite directs, and sieze my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I scorn those Gods who seek to cross my Wishes,
And will in spite of 'em be happy : Force,
Of all the Powers is the most generous ;
For what that gives, it freely does bestow,
Without the After Bribe of Gratitude.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame,
And tear up Pleasure by the Roots : No matter
(Tho' it never grow again) what shall ensue,
Let Gods and Fate look to it ; 'tis their Business. [*Ex.*]

SCENE III.

Opens and discovers 5 or 6 Dancing-Masters practising.

1 *Danc.* That is the damn'dst shuffling step, Pox on't.

2 *Danc.* I shall never hit it.

Thou hast naturally
All the neat Motions of a merry Tailor,
Ten thousand Riggles with thy Toes inward,
Cut clear and strong : let thy Limbs play about thee ;
Keep time, and hold thy back upright and firm :
It may preferr thee to a waiting Woman.

1 *Danc.* Or to her Lady, which is worse.

Enter Lycinius.

Ten dance.

cries

Lycin. Bless me ! the loud Shrieks and horrid Out-
Of the poor Lady ! Ravishing d'ye call it ?

She roars as if she were upon the Rack:
 'Tis strange there should be such a Difference
 Betwixt half-ravishing, which most Women Love,
 And thorough Force, which takes away all Blame;
 And should be therefore welcome to the Vertuous.
 These tumbling Rogues, I fear, have over heard 'em;
 But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.
 Good morrow, Gentlemen:

What, is all perfect? I have taken care
 Your Habits shall be rich and glorious.

3 *Danc.* That will set off. Pray sit down and see,
 How the last Entry I have made will please you.

Second Dance.

Lycin. 'Tis very fine indeed.

2 *Danc.* I hope so, Sir----

[*Ex. Dancers.*]

Enter Chylax, Proculus, and Lycias.

Proc. 'Tis done, *Lycinus.*

Lycin. How?

Proc. I blush to tell it.

If there be any Justice, we are Villains,
 And must be so rewarded.

Lycias. Since 'tis done,
 I take it is not time now to repent it,
 Let's make the best of our Trade.

Chyl. Now Vengeance take it:
 Why should not he have settled on a Beauty,
 Whose Modesty stuck in a piece of Tissue?
 Or one a Ring might rule? Or such a one
 That had a Husband itching to be honourable,

And

And ground to get it, if he must have Women,
And noallay without them? why not those
That know the Mystery, and are best able
To play a Game with Judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel;
And brought to opportunities with Millions,
Yet when they come to motion, their cold Vertue
Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

Lycin. A good Whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
And the thing once done, as well thought of too.
But this same Chastity, forsooth.

Chyl. A Pox on't.
Why should not Women be as free as we are?
They are, but will not own it, and far freer:
And the more bold you bear your self, more welcome;
And there is nothing you dare say, but Truth,
But they dare hear.

Proc. No doubt of it---away,
Let them who can repent, go home and pray.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene opens, discovers the Emperour's Chamber; Lucina newly unbound by the Emperour.

Emp. Your only Vertue now is Patience,
Be wise and save your Honour; if you talk---

Lucin. As long as there is Life in this Body
And Breath to give me words, I'll cry for Justice.

Emp. Justice will never hear you; I am Justice.

Lucin. Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher?
Thou bitter Bane o' th' Empire, look upon me,
And

And if thy guilty Eyes dare see the Ruines,
 Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,
 The sacrilegious razing of that Temple,
 The Tempter to thy black sins would have buſht at.
 Behold, and curſe thy ſelf. The Gods will find thee,
 That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;
 Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,
 In which thou liv'ſt a ſtrong continu'd Surfeit,
 Like Poyſon will diſgorge thee; good men raze thee
 From ever being read again; (thee;
 Chast Wives and fearful Maids make Vows againſt
 Thy worſt Slaves, when they hear of this, ſhall hate
 thee,

And thoſe thou haſt corrupted, fiſt fall from thee,
 And if thou let'ſt me live, the Souldier,
 Tired with thy Tyrannies break thro' Obedience,
 And ſhake his ſtrong Steel at thee.

Emp. This prevails not,
 Nor any Agony you utter, Madam:
 If I have done a ſin, curſe her that drew me;
 Curſe the fiſt Cauſe, the Witchcraft that abus'd me;
 Curſe your fair Eyes, and curſe that heav'nly Beauty,
 And curſe your being good too.

Lucin. Glorious Thief!
 What Reſtitution canſt thou make to ſave me?

Emp. I'll ever Love---and ever Honour you.

Lucin. Thou canſt not;
 For that which was my Honour, thou haſt murder'd;
 And can there be a Love in Violence?

Emp. You ſhall be only mine.

Lucin. Yet I like better
 Thy Villainy than Flattery; that's thy own,
 The other baſely counterfeit. Fly from me,

Or for thy safeties sake and wisdom kill me;
For I am worse than thou art: Thou maist pray,
And so recover Grace---I am lost for ever,
And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy self too.

Emp. I fear no loss but Love---I stand above it.

Lucin. Gods! What a wretched thing has this
Man made me?

For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*;
No company for Women that are Vertuous;
No Family I now can claim, or Country,
Nor Name but *Cesar's* Whore: Oh sacred *Cesar*!
(For that should be your Title) was your Empire,
Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Justice,
And from the Gods themselves---to ravish Women.
The Curses that I owe to Enemies, even those the
Sabins sent,

When *Romulus* (as thou hast me) ravish't their noble
Made more and heavier light on thee. (Maids,

Emp. This helps not.

Lucin. The sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
And last for ever thine the fear'd Example.
Where shall poor Vertue live, now I am fallen?
What can your Honours now and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore?

Emp. A better Woman.
If you be blind and scorn it, who can help it?
Come leave these Lamentations; you do nothing,
But make a noise----I am the same man still,
Were it to do agen: Therefore be wiser; by all
This holy Light I would attempt it.
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,

There

There were no pleasure in you else.

Lucin. Oh Villain!

Emp. So bred for Man's amazement, that my Reason
And every Help to do me right has left me:
The God of Love himself had been before me,
Had he but Eyes to see you, tell me justly.
How should I chuse but err---then if you will
Be mine and only mine, for (you are so precious)
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you, and your Daring Husband
Shall know he has kept an Off'ring from th' Emperor,
Too holy for the Altars---be the greatest;
More than my self I'll make you; if you will not;
Sit down with this and silence: for which Wisdom,
You shall have use of me; if you divulge it,
Know, I am far above the Faults I do;
And those I do, I am able to forgive;
And where your Credit in the telling of it
May be with gloss enough suspected,
Mine is as my own Command shall make it. Princes,
Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose Whispers,
Yet wear they two edged Swords for open Censures;
Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Souldiers;
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
And only, where I bid 'em, strike--I feed 'em,
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
Who, as they made me greatest, meant me happiest,
Which I had never been without this Pleasure,
Consider, and farewell. You'll find your Women
Waiting without. [Ex. Emperour.]

Lucin. Destruction find thee.

Now which way shall I go---my honest House
Will shake to shelter me---my Husband fly me,
My Family, Because

Because they're honest, and desire to be so.
Is this the end of Goodness? This the Price
Of all my early Pray'rs to protect me?
Why then I see there is no God---but Power,
Nor Vertue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual;
How had I been thus wretched else?

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æcius. Let *Titus*

Command the Company that *Pontius* lost.

Max. How now, sweet Heart!

What make you here and thus?

Æcius. *Lucina* weeping.

This is some strange Offence.

Max. Look up and tell me.

Why art thou thus? my Ring! Oh Friend,
I have found it! you are at Court, then.

Lucin. This and that vile Wretch *Lycias*
Brought me hither.

Max. Rise and go home. I have my Fears, *Æcius*,
Oh my best Friend! I am ruin'd. Go, *Lucina*,
Already in thy Tears I've read thy wrongs.
Already found a *Cæsar*? Go, thou Lily,
Thou sweetly drooping Flower; be gone, I say,
And if thou dar'st---outlive this VVrong.

Lucin. I dare not.

Æcius. Is that the Ring you lost?

Max. That, that, *Æcius*,
That cursed Ring, my self
And all my Fortunes have undone.
Thus pleas'd th' Emperour, my noble Master,
For all my Services and Dangers for him,

To

To make me my own Pander! was this Justice?
Oh my *Æcius*! have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucin. Farewel forever, Sir.

Max. That's a sad saying;

But such a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.

And yet methinks, we should not part so slightly;
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the sharp blast of one Farewel can scatter.
Kiss me.—I find no *Cæsar* here. These Lips
Taste not of Ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?

Lucin. O yes.

Max. I dare believe you.

I know him and thy truth too well to doubt it.

Oh my most dear *Lucina*! Oh my Comfort!

Thou Blessing of my Youth! Life of my Life!

Æcius. I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience.
Hold me, ye equal Gods! this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore
Thou only among Millions of thy Sex? (Of
Unfeignedly Vertuous! fall, fall Chrystal Fountains,
And ever feed your Streams, you rising Sorrows,
Till you have wept your Mistress into Marble.
Now go for ever from me.

Lucin. A long, farewell, Sir!

And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

Æcius. Madam, farewell, since you resolve to die.
Which well consider'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.

Lucin. No.

Æcius. Mistake not.

I would not stain your Vertue for the Empire,

Nor

Nor any way decline you to Dishonour :
 It is not my profession, but a Villain's ;
 I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
 And still am the same *Æcius*, still as honest ;
 The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,
 The same Sword wear for you where Justice bids me,
 And 'tis no dull one. Therefore misconceive me not.
 Only I'd have you live a little longer.

Lucin. Alas, Sir ! Why,
 Am I not wretched enough already ? (pentance,

Æcius. To draw from that wild Man, a sweet re-
 And goodness in his days to come.

Max. They are so,
 And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*. (senting

Æcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, pre-
 His swoln sins at the full, and your wrong'd Vertue,
 May like a fearful Vision fright his Follies,
 And once more bend him right again, which Blessing
 If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,
 Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious ;
 Death only eases you. This the whole Empire,
 Besides compell'd and forc'd by violence,
 To what was done. The deed was none of yours ;

For should th'eternal Gods desire to perish,
 Because we daily violate their Truth,
 Which is the Chastity of Heav'n ? No, Madam---

Lucin. The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me.
 For, could the World again restore my Honour,
 As fair and absolute as e'er I bred it,
 That World I should not trust ; again, the Emperor
 Can by my Life get nothing, but my Story,
 Which whilst I breath must be his Infamy :
 And where you counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*

May

May see his Errors and repent ; I'll tell you,
 His Penitence is but increase of Pleasure ;
 His Pray'rs are never said but to deceive us ;
 And when he weeps (as you think, for his Vices)
 'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,
 That rot his harmless Neighbours, if he can grieve,
 As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
 I'll leave him Robes to Mourn in----my sad Ashes.

Æcius. The farewell then of happy Souls be with thee,
 And to thy Memory be ever sung,
 The Praises of a just and constant Woman :
 This sad day whilst I live, a Souldier's Tears,
 I'll offer on thy Monument.

Max. All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish ;
 All living Epitaphs be thine ; Times Story,
 And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
 Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles.

Æcius. But full of thee stand to Eternity,
 Once more farewell----Go, find *Elizium*, (sings.
 There where deserving Souls are crown'd, with Bless.

Max. There where no vicious Tyrants come : Truth,
 Honour,
 Are keepers of that blest Place ; go thither. [*Ex. Luc.*

Æcius. Gods give thee Justice.
 His thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet ;
 He ever was a worthy Roman, but
 I know not what to think on't. He has suffered
 Beyond a man, if he stand this.

Max. Æcius,
 Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me ?
 It was my Wife th'Emperor abus'd thus,
 And I must say----I am glad I had her for him.
 Must I not, *Æcius* ?

Æcius.

Æcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my House?

Max. Neither. I have no home, & you're mad, *Æcius.*
To keep me Company---I am a Fellow,
My own Sword would forsake, not tyed to me.
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.

Æcius. You do better.

Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius.*
Yet I must bless the Maker.
Death on my Soul! shall I endure this tamely?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrongs?
I am a Child too; what do I do railing?
I cannot mend my self. 'Twas *Cæsar* did it.
And what am I to him?

Æcius. 'Tis well remember'd;
However you are tainted, be not Traitor.

Max. O that thou wert not living, and my Friend!

Æcius. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,
If you break out; for, by the God's, your Wrong
Deserves a general Ruine. Do you love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on.

Æcius. Then go with me.
You shall not to your own House.

Max. Nor to any.
My Griefs are greater far than Walls can compass;
And yet I wonder how it happens with me.
I am not dang'rous, and in my conscience,
Should I now see the *Emperour* i' th' heat on't,
I should scarce blame him for't: an aw runs thro' me,
I feel it sensibly that binds me to it.

'Tis is at my heart now, there it fits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a Pleasure to obey it.

Æcius. This a Mask to cozen me, I know you,
And how far you dare do. No Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless Valour, and I'll watch you.

Max. Is a Wife's loss
More than the fading of a few fresh Colours?

Æcius. No more, *Maximus*, to one that truly lives.

Max. Why then I care not, I can live well enough.

Æcius. for look you, Friend, for Vertue and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.

Æcius. He's craz'd a little.
His Grief has made him talk things from his nature.
Will you go any ways?

Max. I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
'Twould vex me:

For I am not angry yet. The Emperour,
Is young and handsom, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æcius. Alas, my *Maximus*!

Max. Alas not me, I am not wretched, for,
There's no man miserable, but he
That makes himself so.

Æcius. Will you walk yet?

Max. Come, come; she dares not die, Friend,
That's the Truth on't.

She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young Prince's Pleasure, and, I thank her,
She has made way for *Maximus* to rise.
Will't not become me bravely?

Æcius. Dearest Friend,
These wild words shew your violatèd mind,

Urg'd

Urg'd with the last extremity of Grief;
 Which since I cannot like a Man redress,
 With Tears I must lament it like a Child;
 For when 'tis *Cæsar* does the Injury,
 Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

Max. 'Tis then a certain Truth that I am wrong'd,
 Wrong'd in that barb'rous manner I imagin'd.
 Alas! I was in hopes I had been mad,
 And that these Horrors which invade my Heart,
 Were but distracted melancholy Whimseys:
 But they are real truths (it seems) and I am basely
 The last of men, and vilest of all Beings.
 Bear me cold Earth, who am too weak to move
 Beneath my load of Shame and Misery!
 Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,
 Branded with everlasting Infamy:
 Take pity Fate, and give me leave to die:
 Gods! would you be ador'd for being good,
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?
 How would you have your Mercy understood?
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
 Ordin'd the quickest to be Infamous?
 Supream first Causes! you, whence all things flow,
 Whose infiniteness does leach little fill,
 You who decree each seeming Chance below,
 (So great in Power) were you as good in Will,
 How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?
 Had your eternal minds been bent to good?
 Could humane Happiness have prov'd so lame,
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,
 Had never found a Being nor a Name.
 'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,

Evil with you has Coeternity,
 Than blindly taking it the other way,
 That merciful and of Election free,
 You did create the mischiefs you foresee.
 Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,
 When this poor tributary Worm below,
 More than my self in nothing but in name,
 Who durst invade me with this fatal blow,
 I dare not crush in the revenge I owe.
 Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save;
 Him and my Shame I'll tread into one Grave.

Æcius. Does he but seem so?
 Or is he mad indeed?----Now to reprove him
 Were Counsel lost; but something must be done,
 With speed and care, which may prevent that Fate,
 Which threatens this unhappy Emperor. (break)

Max. O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly
 Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
 And yet I thank the Gods, I know my Duty.

Enter Claudia.

Claud. Forgive me my sad Tidings, Sir--She's dead.

Max. Why so it should be---[*He rises*] How?

Claud. When first she entr'd
 Into the House, after a world of weeping,
 And blushing like the Sun-set---
 Dare I, said she, defile my Husband's House;
 Wherein his spotless Family has flourish'd?
 At this she fell---Choakt with a thousand sighs!
 And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,
 Her dying Looks, where new born Beauty shines,
 Opprest with Blushes, modestly declines,
 While Death approacht with a Majestick Grace,
 Proud to look lovely once in such a Face:

Her

Her Arms spread to receive her welcome Guest,
With a glad sigh she drew into her Breast :
Her Eyes then languishing towar'ds Heaven she cast,
To thank the Powers and Death was come at last.
And at the approach of the cold silent God ;
Ten thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

Max. No more of this----Begone! Now, my *Æcius*,
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little ;
I am so parcht I cannot----Your Example
Has taught my tears to flow--Now lead away, Friend,
And as we walk together----Let us pray,
I may not fall from truth.

Æcius. That's nobly spoken.

Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius* ?

Æcius. You were troubled.

Max. I felt no sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like festering Wounds grown cold, begins to smart,
The raging anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.
Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Æcius Solus. A Letter.

(Heart,

Æcius. **L**OOK down, ye equal Gods, and guide my
Or it will throw upon my hands an act,
Which after Ages shall record with horror ;
As well may I kill my offended Friend,
As think to punish my offending Prince,
The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
And 'tis but simple Villainy to break 'em ;

F f 3

But.

But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacrilege,
 An injury to the Gods, and that lost Wretch,
 Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
 Tears thunder down from Heav'n on his own head,
 And leaves a Curse to his Posterity:
 Judge him your selves, yemighty Gods, who know,
 Why you permit sometimes that Honour bleed,
 That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppress.
 My Duty's my Religion, and how e'er,
 The great Account may rise 'twixt him and you,
 Through all his Crimes, I see your Image on him,
 And must protect it no way then but this,
 To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*,
 And keep him there fast Prisoner to my Friendship;
 Revenge shall thus be flatter'd or destroy'd,
 And my bad Master whom I blush to serve,
 Shall by my means at least be safe. This Letter,
 Informs him I am gone to *Aegypt*,
 Ther: I shall live secure and innocent;
 His sins shall ne'er o'ertake me, nor his fears.

Enter Proculus.

Here comes one for my purpose, *Proculus*;
 Well met, I have a Courtesie to ask of you.

Proc. Of me, my Lord! Is there a House on fire?
 Or is there some knotty Point now in debate,
 Betwixt your Lordship, and the Scavengers?
 For you have such a popular, and publick Spirit,
 As in dull times of Peace will not disdain,
 The meanest opportunity to serve your Country.

Aegius. You witty Fools are apt to get your Heads
 This is no season for Buffooning Sirrah; (broke,
 Though heretofore I ramely have endur'd,
 Before th'Emperour your ridiculous Mirth,

Think

Think not you have a Title to be sawcy ;
 When Monkey's grow mischievous, they are whipt,
 Chain'd up and whipt. There has been mischief done,
 And you (I hear) a wretched Instrument :
 Look to't, when e'er I draw this Sword to punish,
 You and your grinning Crew will tremble, Slaves ;
 Nor shall the ruin'd World afford a Corner
 To shelter you, nor that poor Princes Bosom,
 You have invenom'd and polluted so ;
 As if the Gods were willing it should be,
 A Dungeon for such Toads to crawl and croak in.

Proc. All this in earnest to your humblest Creature?
 Nay, then my Lord, I must no more pretend,
 With my poor Talent to divert your Ears ;
 Since my well-meaning Mirth is grown offensive.
 Tho' Heav'n can tell,

There's not so low an act of servile Duty,
 I wou'd not with more Pride throw my self on,
 For great *Aecius's* sake, than gain a Province,
 Or share with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

Aecius. Thou art so fawning and so mean a Villain,
 That I disdain to hate, tho' I despise thee ;
 When e'er thou art not fearful, thou art sawcy ;
 Be so again, my Pardon gives thee leave,
 And to deserve it, carry this my Letter,
 To the Emperor : Tell him I am gone for *Egypt*,
 And with me, *Maximus* ; 'twas scarce fit we two,
 Should take our leaves of him : Pray use your Interest,
 He may forgive us. 'Twill concern you much,
 For when we are gone, to be base vicious Villains,
 Will prove less dang'rous--- [Exit *Aecius*,

Proc. What the Devil possesses
 This rusty Back and Breast without a Head-Piece?

Villains and Vicious ! *Maximus* and *Egypt* !
 This may be Treason, or I'll make it so :
 The Emperor's apt enough to fears and jealousies ;
 Since his late Rape. I must blow up the Fire,
 And aggravate this doting Hero's Notions,
 Till they such Terrors in the Prince have bred,
 May cost the Fool his worst part, that's his Head. [Ex.]

SCENE II.

Enter Emperor, *Lycinius*, *Chylax*, and *Balbus*.

Emp. Dead ? *Balb.* 'Tis too certain. *Emp.* How ?

Lycin. Grief and Disgrace, as People say.

Emp. No more, I have too much on't,
 Too much by you. You whetters of my Follies ;
 Ye Angel-formers of my sins ; but Devils ; (ders.
 Where is your cunning now ? you would work Won-
 There was no Chastity above your practice ;
 You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
 And doat upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you,
 If she be dead !

Chyl. Alas, Sir !

Emp. Hang you Rascals.

Ye blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,
 'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
 Groan'd under weights of Wool and Water.

Am I not *Caesar* ?

Lycin. Mighty, and our Maker-----

Emp. Then thus have given my Pleasures to De-
 Look she be living, Slaves----- (struction-----

Chyl. We are no Gods, Sir,
 If she be dead, to make her live again.

Emp. She cannot die, she must not die : Are those
 I plant my Love upon, but common livers ?

Their

Their Hours sold out to them: Can they be Ashes?
 Why do you flatter a belief in me,
 That I am all that is? The World my Creature;
 The trees bring forth their fruit, when I say Summer;
 The wind that knows no limits, but its wildness,
 At my command moves not a Leaf: The Sea,
 With his proud mountain-Waters envying Heav'n,
 When I say still, runs into chrystal Mirrors.
 Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye Bubbles,
 That with my least breath break, no more remembr'd,
 Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and perish;
 Why do ye make me a God, that can do nothing?
 Is she not dead?

Chyl. All Women are not dead with her.

Emp. A common Whore serves you, & far above you,
 The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with lewdness,
 A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.
 Am I a man to traffick with Diseases?
 You think, because ye have bred me up to Pleasures,
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your Wives will serve the turn; I care not for 'em,
 Your Wives are Fencers Whores, & shall be Footmens.
 Tho' sometimes my Fantastick Lust or Scorn,
 Has made you Cuckolds for variety;
 I wou'd not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a Blessing from me. Go;
 Get your own Infamy hereafter, Rascals; ye enjoy,
 Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Cæsar*,
 And I may curse ye for it.

Thou, *Lycinus*,

Hast such a *Messelina*, such a *Lais*,
 The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
 The sweat of Fifty Men angilt does nothing.

Lycin.

Lycin. I hope Sir, you know better things of her.

Emp. 'Tis Oracle,
The City can bear witness, thine's a Fool, *Chylas*,
Yet she can tell her twenty, and all Lovers,
All have lain with her too; and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an Hospital.
Yours is a holy Whore, Friend, *Balbus*.

Balb. Well, Sir.

Emp. One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,
But not the Punishment; she has had ten Bastards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays.
She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common Pasquil,
Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp-Mistress,
And Muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays.
She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,
That have forgot their Rudiments; and am I
Left for these wither'd Vices? And was there but one,
But one of all the World, that could content me,
And snatcht away in shewing? If your Wives
Be not yet Witches, or your selves, now be so,
And save your Lives; raise me the dearest Beauty,
As when I forc'd her full of Chastity,
Or by the Gods----

Lycin. Most sacred *Cesar*----

Emp. Slaves.

Enter Proculus.

Proc. Hail *Cesar*, Tidings of concern and Danger,
My Message does contain in furious manner:
With Oaths and Threatnings, stern *Æcius*
Enjoin'd me on the peril of my life,
To give this Letter into *Cesar*'s hands,
Arm'd at all points, prepar'd to march he stands,
With

With crowds of mutinous Officers about him,
Among these, full of Anguish and Despair,
Like pale *Typhoea* along Hell-brinks,
Plotting Revenge and Ruine—*Maximus*
With ominous Aspect, walks in silent horror,
In threatning Murmurs and harsh broken Speeches,
They talk of *Egypt* and their Provinces,
Of Cohorts ready with their lives to serve 'em,
And then with bitter Curses they nam'd you.

Emp. Go tell thy fears to thy Companions, Slave!
For 'tis a Language Princes understand not;
Be gone, and leave me to my self. [*Exe. all but Emp.*
The names of *Æcius* and of *Maximus*,
Run thro' me like a Fever, shake and burn me;
But to my Slaves I must not shew my poorness.
They know me vicious, shou'd they find me base,
How would the Villains scorn me, and insult?

Letter. He reads.

Sir,

*Would some God inspire me with another way to serve you,
I would not thus fly from you without leave; but
Maximus his wrongs have toucht too many, and shou'd
His presence here incourage 'em, dangers to you might follow;
In Egypt he will be more forgot, and you more safe by his
Absence.*

Emp. A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,
This is too subtle for my dull Friend, *Æcius*.
Heav'n give you, Sir, a better Servant to guard you,
A faithfuller you will never find than *Æcius*.
Since he resents his Friends Wrongs, he'll revenge 'em;
I know the Souldiers love him more than Heav'n,

M

Me they hate more than peace ; what this may breed
 If dull security and confidence
 Let him grow up, a Fool may find and laugh at.
 Who waits there? *Proculus.*

Enter Proculus,

Well, hast thou observ'd
 The growing pow'r and pride of this *Æcius*?
 He writes to me with terms of Insolence,
 And shortly will rebel, if not prevented;
 But in my base lewd Herd of vicious Slaves,
 There's not a man that dares stand up to strike
 At my Command, and kill this rising Traitor.

Proc. The Gods forbid *Cæsar* should thus be serv'd,
 The Earth will swallow him, did you command it!
 But I have study'd a safe sure way,
 How he shall die and your will ne'er suspected.
 A Souldier waits without, whom he has wrong'd,
 Cashier'd, disgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or starve.
 This fellow for revenge wou'd kill the Devil;
 Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,
 Which in your name I'll give him instantly,
 VVill make him fly more swiftly on the Murther,
 Than longing Lovers to their first appointment.

Emp. Thou art the wisest, watchful, wary Villain,
 And shalt partake the secrets of my Soul,
 And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.
 Tell the poor Souldier, he shall be a General,
Æcius once dead.

Proc. Ay, there y'have found the point, Sir,
 If he can be so brutish to believe it.

Emp. Oh never fear! urge it with Confidence,
 VVhat will not flatter'd angry fools believe?
 Minutes are precious, loose not one.

Proc.

Proc. I fly, Sir----

[*Ex. Proc.*

Emp. What an infected Conscience do I live with,
And what a Beast am I grown? when Lust has gain'd
An uncontroll'd Dominion in man's Heart,
Then Fears succeed with Horror and Amazement,
Which rack the Wretch, and tyrannize by turns.
But hold—Shall I grow then so poor as to repent?
Tho' *Æcius*, Mankind, and the Gods forsake me,
I'll never alter and forsake my self.
Can I forget the last discourse he held?
As if he had intent to make me odious
To my own Face, and by a way of terror,
What Vices I was ground in, and almost
Proclaim'd the Souldiers hate against me.
Is not the name and Dignity of *Cæsar* sacred?
Were this *Æcius* more than man, sufficient
To shake off all his Honesty? He is dangerous,
Tho' he be good; and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,
And such I must not sleep by; as for *Maximus*,
I'll find a time when *Æcius* is dispart.
I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about; if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go foremost, that's determin'd.

[*Ex. Emp.*

SCENE III.

Enter Proculus and Pontius.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name of *Patrician*, more than that too,
The Friend of *Cæsar*'s are stil'd. There's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pont. Pray stay, Sir.
What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?
At least I would have a Colour.

Proc.

Proc. You have more.

Nay, all that can be given; he is a **Traitor**.
One, any man would strike that were a **Subject**.

Pont. Is he so foul?

Proc. Yes, a most fearful **Traitor**.

Pont. A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'st! **Alas!**
 I ever thought the Souldiers would undo him,
 With their too much Affection.

Proc. You have it.

They have brought him to **Ambition**.

Pont. Then he is gone.

Proc. The Emperour out of a foolish Pity,
 Would save him yet. **Pont.** Is he so mad?

Proc. He's madder, would go to th' Army to him.

Pont. Would he so?

Proc. Yes, **Pontius**, but we consider.

Pont. VVisely.

Proc. How else man, that the stars begin it?

Pont. And your Lives? **Proc.** And every man's.

Pont. He did me **[Aretus here]**

All the Disgrace he could. **Proc.** And scurvily.

Pont. Out of a Mischief meely. Did you mark it?

Proc. Yes well enough.

Now you have Means to quit it;

The Deed done, take his place.

Pont. Pray let me think on't, 'tis ten to one I do it.

Proc. Do, and be happy. **[Ex. Proc.]**

Pont. This Emperour is made of nought but mischief.
 Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop
 But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience,
 The man is truly honest, and that kills him.
 For to live here, and study to be true,
 Is all one as to be a Traitor. Why should he die?

Have A

Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings,
In full abundance? Bawds, more than Beasts for
slaughter?

Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knaves
besides?

And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best sons of *Rome* must fall too? I will shew him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly.

And tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I'm born to make him bless me for a Blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Phidius, Aretus, and Aecius.

Aret. The Treason is too certain; fly, my Lord.
I heard that Villain *Procalus* instruct
The desperate *Pontius* to dispatch you here,
Here in the Anti-Chamber.

Phid. Curse VVretches! (you,
Yet you may escape to the Camp, we'll hazard with

Aret. Lose not your Life so basely, Sir, you are arm'd,
And many when they see your Sword, and know why,
Must follow your Adventures.

Aecius. Get ye from me.
Is not the Doom of *Cesar* on this Body?

Do I not bear my last hour here, now sent me?

Am I not old *Aecius* ever dying?

You think this Tenderness and Love you bring me;

'Tis Treason and the strength of Disobedience;

And if ye tempt me further ye shall feel it.

I seek the Camp for safety, when my Death

Ten times more glorious than my Life and lasting

Bids me be happy! Let Fools fear to die

Or he that wedd a Woman for his honour,

Dreaming

Dreaming no other Life to come but Kisses.

Æcius is not now to learn to suffer ;

If ye dare shew a just Affection, kill me :

I stay but those that must. Why do you weep ?

Am I so wretched as to deserve mens Pities ?

Go, give your Tears to those that lose their worths,

Bewail their Miseries : For me wear Garlands,

Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Paeans* to my Praise,

I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cesar* ;

For *Cesar* fears to die, I love to die.

Phid. O my dear Lord !

Æcius. No more, go, go, I say,

Shew me not signs of Sorrow, I deserve none.

Dare any Man lament I should dy nobly ?

When I am dead, speak honourably of me ;

That is, preserve my Memory from dying,

There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,

A Tear or two will seem well ; This I charge you,

(Because ye say ye yet love old *Æcius*.)

See my poor body burnt, and some to sing

About my Pile what I have done and suffer'd.

If *Cesar* kill not that too : At your Banquets,

When I am gone, if any chance to number

Thet times that have been sad and dangerous ;

Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.

No more I say ; he that laments my end,

By all the Gods, dishonours me ; be gone,

And suddenly, and wisely from my Dangers,

My Death is catching else.

Phid. We fear not dying.

Æcius. Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it,

I need no Company to that, that Children

Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase,

Dreaming

Live Bur

Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted Age sick of your Vertues.
 Then die a Sacrifice, and then You'll know
 The noble use of dying well, and *Romans*.

Aret. And must we leave you, Sir?

Æcius. We must all die,

All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well. And can that man that does
 Need Lamentation for him? Children weep, (so
 Because they have offended, or for fear;
 Women for want of Will and Anger; is there
 In noble man, that truly feels both Poises,
 Of Life and Death, so much of this weakness,
 To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
 I am asham'd to see you, yet you move me,
 And were it not, my Manhood would accuse me,
 For covetous to live, I should weep with you.

Phid. O we shall never see you more!

Æcius. 'Tis true. Nor I the Miseries that *Rome* shall
 Which is a Benefit I life cannot reckon; (suffer,
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful;
 One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
 And for he was an honest man durst die.
 Ye shall have daily with you, could that die too,
 And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
 No Annals of old *Æcius*, but he lived.
 My Friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;
 The common overflows of tender Women,
 And Children new born; Crying were too little,
 To shew me then most wretched; if Tears must be,
 I should in Justice weep 'em, and for you;
 You are to live, and yet behold those Slaughters,
 The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at.
 But sooner than I have time to think what must be,

I fear you'll find what shall be. If you love me,
 Let that word serve for all. Begone, and leave me;
 I have some little practice with my Soul,
 And then the sharpest Sword is welcomest----Go,
 Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living,
 Be not for shame now stubborn----So---I thank ye---
 And fare you well---A better Fortune guide ye.

Ph. What shall we do to save our best lov'd Master?

[*Aside.*

Aret. I'll to *Affranus*, who with half a Legion,
 Lies in the old *Subbura*, all will rise for the brave *Æcius*.

Phid. I'll to *Maximus*,
 And lead him hither to prevent this Murther,
 Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make sure of.

[*Exit. Phidius and Aretus.*

Æci. I hear 'em come, who strikes first? I stay for you.

Enter Balbus, Chylax, Lycinius.

Yet will I die a Souldier, My Sword drawn,
 But against none. Why do you fear? Come forward,

Balb. You were a Souldier, *Chylax*.

Chy. Yes, I muster'd, but never saw the Enemy.

Lycin. He's arm'd. By Heav'n I dare not do it.

Æcius. Why do you tremble? (speak.

I am to die. Come ye not from *Cæsar* to that end?

Balb. We do, and we must kill you. 'Tis *Cæsar's* Will.

Chyl. I charge you put your Sword up,
 That we may do it handsomly.

Æcius. Ha, ha, ha!

My Sword up! handsomely! where were you bred?

You are the merriest Murtherers, my Masters,

I ever met withal. Come forward Fools.

Why do you stare? Upon my Honour, Bawds,

I will not strike you.

Lycin. I'll not be the first.

Balb. Nor I.

Chyl.

Chyl. You had best die quietly. The Emperor
Sees how you bear your self.

Æcius. I would die, Rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.

Balb. Plague on *Proculus*,
He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Æcius. I'll call the Guard,
Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, cowardly Companions,
The Emperor has trusted with his safety ;
Nay, I'll give out you fell on my side, Villains ;
Strike home you bawdy Slaves.

Chyl. He will kill us, I markt his hand, he waits
But time to reach us ; Now do you offer.

Æcius. If you do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so, stagger me, my Senses fail me,
Look to pour selves.

Chyl. I told ye.

Æcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand stroaks.

[Enter Pontius.

Balb. Here's *Pontius*.

[*Lycinius runs away*.

Pont. Not kill him yet ?

Is this the Love you bear the Emperor ?

Nay, then I see you are Traitors all ; have at ye.

Chyl. Oh I am hurt.

Balb. And I am kill'd--- [Exit *Chylax* and *Balbus*.

Pont. Die Bawds, as you have liv'd and flourish.

Æcius. Wretched Fellow, What hast thou done ?

Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill, and you are

Æcius. Art thou not *Pontius* ?

(next

Pont. I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,
And in the face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

Æcius. Then so much nobler, as thou art a Souldier,
Shall my Death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee?

Or art thou hir'd to kill me? *Pont.* Both.

Æcius. Then do it. *Pont.* Is that all?

Æcius. Yes. *Pont.* Would you not live?

Æcius. Why should I? To thank thee for my Life?

Pont. Yes, if I spare it.

Æcius. Be not deceived, I was not made to thank
For any Courtesie but killing me,
A fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

Pont. Do you not fear me? *Æcius.* No.

Pont. Nor love me for it?

Æcius. That's as thou dost thy Business.

Pont. When you are dead your Place is mine, *Æcius.*

Æcius. Now I fear thee,

And not alone thee, *Pontius*, but the Empire.

Pont. Why? I can govern, Sir.

Æcius. I would thou couldst, and first thy self:

Thou canst fight well, and bravely, thou canst

Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;

Heaven's angry Flashes are not suddener,

Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal,

The winged feet of flying Enemies

I have stood and seen the mow away like Rushes,

And still kill the Killer; were thy Mind

But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in dangers,

I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me.

Come strike and be a General----

Pont. Prepare then,

And for I see your Honour cannot lessen,

And 'twere a Shame for me to strike a dead Man,

Fight your short span out.

Æcius. No, thou knowst I must not;

I dare not give thee such advantage of me

As Disobedience. *Pont.*

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your Enemy?

Æcius. Not sent from *Cæsar*,
I have no power to make such Enemies,
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
Stands but a Hatchment by me, only held
To shew I was a Souldier; had not *Cæsar*
Chain'd all defence in this Doom. Let him die
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,
And open in an Enemy such wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont. Then have at you,
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not,
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,
Nor think it base Injustice I should kill thee.

Æcius. I am prepar'd for all.

Pont. For now, *Æcius*.
Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor,
And as I do it, bless me--Die as I do-- [*Pontius*
[kills himself.]

Æc. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, & I thank thee,
By all my hopes in Heav'n thou art a *Roman*.

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do this is not;
But, noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous Persons,
And I must dying say it was but Justice,
You cast me from my Credit, yet believe me,
Forthere is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your Forgiveness; tho' you hold me heinous
And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire
Turns all to flames it meets with: You mistook me,
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas ease,

Want of the Souldiers due--- The Enemy.
 The Nakedness we found at home, and Scorn,
 Children of Peace and Pleasures, no regard,
 Nor comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em;
 To rusty Time that eats our Bodies up,
 And ev'n began to prey upon our Hours,
 To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuses;
 To them that when the Enemy invaded,
 Made us the Saints; but now the Sores of *Rome*;
 To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
 Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers sail'd,
 And under whose protection their soft Pleasures
 Grow full and numberless. To this I am a Foe,
 Not to the State, or any Point of Duty;
 And let me speak but what a Souldier may,
 Truly I ought to be so, yet I err'd,
 Because a far more noble Sufferer,
 Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it;
 This is the end I die for, to live basely,
 And not the Follower of him that bred me,
 In full Account and Virtue; *Pontius* dares not,
 Much less to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

Æcius. I want a name to give thy Virtue, Souldier,
 For only good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
 The Gods shall find thee one: thou has fashion'd Death
 In such an excellent and beauteous manner, (more?
 I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak one word
 For thy words are such Harmony, a Soul
 Would chuse to fly to Heaven in.

Pont. A farewell, good noble General your hand:
 Forgive me, & this: whatever was displeasing to you,
 Was none of mine; you cannot live.

Æcius. I will not: yet one word more.

Pont. Die nobly, *Rome*, farewell,
 And *Valentinian* fall.

In-joy you have given me a quiet Death,
I would strike more wounds if I had more breath-*[dies.]*

Æcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any Man that would out-live such Dying?
Would *Cæsar* double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with Favours like a Mistress;
Yet would I grow to this Man: I have lov'd,
But never doated on a Face till now. Oh Death!
Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleasures
Beyond Posterity: Come Friends and kill me.
Cæsar be kind and send a thousand Swords,
The more, the greater is my Fall: why stay you?
Come, and I'll kiss your Weapons: fear me not,
By all the Gods, I'll honour ye for killing:
Appear, or thro' the Court and World I'll search ye,
I'll follow ye, and ere I die proclaim ye
The Weeds of *Italy*; the dross of Nature,
Where are ye Villains, Traitors, Slaves--- *[Ex.]*

SCENE V.

Valentinian and the Eunuch discovered on a Couch.

Emp. Oh let me press these balmy Lips all day,
And bath my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses.
Now by my Joys thou art all sweet and soft,
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love,
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and blest Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*, *(gion,*
No God nor Goddess ever was ador'd with such Reli-
As my Love shall be. For in these charming raptures
Of my Soul, claspt in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord,
While to the honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the loss for ever.

A SONG.

I

Kindness hath resistless Charms,
 All besides can weakly move;
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying Love.

2

Beauty does the Heart invade,
 Kindness only can perswade;
 It gilds the Lovers servile-chain,
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

Enter Æcius with two Swords.

Emp. Ha! what desperate Mad-man weary of his
 Presumes to press upon my happy Moments? (Being,
 Æcius? And Arm'd? Whence comes this impious Bold-
 Did not my Will, the Worlds most sacred Law, (ness?
 Doom thee to die?

And dar'st thou in Rebellion be alive?
 Is Death more frightful grown than Disobedience?

Æcius. Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,
 Which in your Service has been still expos'd,
 To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,
 And all the dreadful Toyls of horrid War!
 Am I thus lowly laid before your feet?
 For what mean VVretch, who has his Duty done,
 VVould care to live, when you declare him worthless?
 If I must fall, which your severe Disfavour
 Hath made the easier and the nobler Choice,
 Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice,
 To the poor Spleen of a base Favourite.
 Let not vile Instruments destroy the man,
 VVhom once you lov'd: but let your hand bestow
 That welcome Death your anger has decreed.

[Lays his Sword at his Feet.

Emp.

Emp. Go, seek the common Executioner,
Old man, thro' vanity and years grown mad :
Or to reprove thee from the Hangmans's stroak,
Go, use thy Military Interest,
To beg a milder Death among the Guards,
And tempt my kindl'd wrath no more with folly.

Æcius. Ill-councell'd thankless Prince, you did in-
Bestow that Office on a Souldier ; (deed,
But in the Army could you hope to find,
VVithall your Bribes a Murderer of *Æcius*?
VVhom they so long have follow'd, known & own'd,
Their God in VVar? and thy good Genious ever!
Speechless and cold without, upon the Ground,
The Souldier lies, whose generous Death will teach,
Posterity true Gratitude and Honour.

And press as heavily upon thy Soul,
Lost *Valentinian*, as by the barb'rous Rape.
For which since Heav'n alone must punish thee,
I'll do Heav'n's Justice on thy base Assister. [*Runs at*

Lyc. Save me, my Lord. (Lycias.

Emp. Hold, honest *Æcius*, hold.
I was too rash. Oh spare the gentle Boy!
And I'll forgive thee all.

Lyc. Furies and Death. [*Dies.*

Emp. He bleeds! Mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n!
For sure my lovely Boy was one of you!
But he is dead, and now ye may rejoyce,
For ye have stol'n him from me, spiteful Powers!
Empire and Life, I ever have despis'd,
The vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear,
In Love alone my Soul found real Joys!
And still ye tyrannize and cross my love.
Oh that I had a Sword, [*Throws him a Sword.*
To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell. [*Fight.*
Æcius.

Æcius. Take your desire, and try if Lawless Lust,
Can stand against Truth, Honesty and Justice!
I have my Wish. Gods! Give you true Repentance,
And bless you still: Beware of *Maximus*. *(Dies)*

[They fight. Æcius runs on the Emp. Sword, and falls]

Emp. Farewel dull Honesty, which th^o despis'd,
Canst make thy owner run on certain Ruine.
Old *Æcius*! Where is now thy Name in War?
Thy Interest with so many conquer'd Nations?
The Souldiers Reverence, and the Peoples Love?
Thy mighty Fame and Popularity?
With which thou kept'st me still in certain fear,
Depending on thee for uncertain safety:
Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,
Who urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his pow'r,
To hope protection from his Favourite?
Wallowing in Ease and Vice? Feels no contempt,
But wears the empty Name of Prince with scorn?
And lives a poor lead Pageant to his Slave?
Such have I been to thee, honest *Æcius*!
Thy pow'r kept me in awe, thy pride in pain,
Till now I liv'd; but since th'art dead, I'll reign.

Enter Phidius with Maximus.

Phid. Behold my Lord the cruel Emperor,
By whose tyrannick Doom the noble *Æcius*,
Was judg'd to die.

Emp. He was so, sawcy Slave!
Struck by this hand, here groveling at my feet,
The Traitor lies! as thou shalt do bold Villain!
Go to the Furies, carry my defiance, *[Kills him.]*
And tell 'em, *Cesar* fears nor Earth nor Hell.

Phid. Stay *Æcius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghost.
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long vault of Death,
I hear thy Wife cry out, revenge me!

Revenge

Revenge me on the Ravisher! no more!

Arteus comes to aid thee! Oh farewell! [*Dies.*

Emp. Ha! what not speak yet? thou whose wrongs are
Or do the Horrors that we have been doing, (greatest;
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,
Answer the Emperor: *Cesar* bids thee speak.

Max. A *Roman*? Ha! And *Cesar* bids thee speak?
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o'er in Groans;
But oh the Story is ineffable!

Cesar's Commands, back'd with the Eloquence,
Of all the inspiring Gods, cannot declare it.

Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!

Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!

Speak, saist thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*.

Yes, I will speak. Imperial Murderer!

Ravisher! Oh thou Royal Villainy!

In purple dipt to give a Glo'st to Mischief.

Yet e'er thy Death enriches my Revenge,

And swells the Book of Fate, you statelier Mad-man,

Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,

To make thy Fall more dreadful. Why hast thou slain

Thy Friend? Thy only Stay for sinking Greatness?

What Frenzy, what blind Fury did possess thee,

To cut off thy right Hand, and fling it from thee?

For such was *Aecius*.

Emp. Yes, and such art thou;

Joint Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.

Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever, leave me,

Tho' Traitor, yet because I once did wrong thee,

Live like a vagrant Slave. I banish thee. (rightly,

Max. Hold me you Gods; and judge your Passions

Left I should kill him: Kill this luxurious Worm,

E'er yet a thought of Danger has awak'd him.

End him even in the midst of night-Debauches,

Mounted

Mounted upon a *Tripod*, drinking Healths
 With shallow Rascals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,
 Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,
 And bear the drunken *Cesar* to his Bed,
 Where, to the Scandal of all Majesty,
 At every grasp he belches Provinces,
 Kisses off Fame, at the Empire's ruine,
 Enjoys his costly Whore.

Emp. Peace, Traitor, or thou dy'st.
 Tho' pale *Lucina* should direct thy Sword,
 I would assault thee if thou offer more. (thee.

Max. More? by th' immortal Gods I will awake
 I'll rouse thee, *Cesar*, if strong reason can,
 If thou hadst ever sense of *Roman* Honour,
 Or th' Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee,
 Why hast thou us'd me thus? for all my Service,
 My Toyls, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?
 Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,
 That could make Proud my Conquests? O ye Gods!
 If there be no such thing as Right or Wrong,
 But Force alone must swallow all possession,
 Then to what purpose in so long descents
 Were *Roman* Laws observ'd or Heaven obey'd?
 If still the Great for ease or Vice were form'd,
 Why did our first Kings toyl? Why was the Plough
 Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?
 Why was the lustful *Tarquin* with his House
 Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*?

Emp. I cannot bear thy words. Vext Wretch, no more.
 He shocks me. Prithee *Maximus* no more.
 Reason no more; thou troublest me with Reason.

Max. What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,
 That lick'd the Dust where e'er his Master trod,
 Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet.

And

And shook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus* Vengeance?
Who that ere heard the Cause, applauded not
That *Roman* Spirit, for his great Revenge?
Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer :
Lucrece was not his Wife as she was mine,
For ever raviisht, ever lost *Lucina*. (Reason,

Emp. Ah name her not ! That name, thy Face and
Are the three things on Earth I would avoid :
Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,
And give thee half the Empire to be gone. (mine,

Max. Thus steel'd with such a Cause, what Soul but
Had not upon the instant ended thee ?

Sworn in that moment.---*Cesar* is no more ;
And so I had. But I will tell thee, Tyrant,
To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears,
Æcius, whom thou hast slain, prevented me ;
Æcius, who on this bloody spot lies murder'd,
By barb'rous *Cesar*, watch'd my vow'd Revenge,
And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cesar*.

Emp. How then dar'st thou, reviewing this great Ex-
With impious Arms assault thy Emperor ? (ample,

Max. Because I have more Wit than Honesty,
More of thy self, more Villainy than Vertue,
More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,
Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.
What share your Empire ? Suffer you to live ?
After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,
Couldst thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh indeed.

Emp. I am satisf'd that thou didst ever hate me,
Thy Wives Rape therefore was an act of Justice,
And so far thou hast eas'd my tender Conscience.
Therefore to hope a Friendship from thee now,
Were vain to me, as is the Worlds Continuance,
Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,

And

And short-liv'd pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.
Æcius, I mourn thy Fate as much as Man can do,
 In my Condition, that am going, and therefore (low
 Should be busie with my self: yet rothy Memory I will at-
 Some grains of time, and drop some sorrowing Tears.
 Oh *Æcius*! oh!

Max. Why this is right, my Lord,
 And if these Drops are orient, you will set
 True *Cæsar*, glorious in your going down,
 Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy.
 Allow at least a Possibility,
 Where Thought is lost, and think there may be Gods,
 An unknown Country, after you are dead,
 As well as there was one ere you were born. (solve

Emp. I've thought enough, and with that thought re-
 To mount Imperial from the burning Pile.
 I grieve for *Æcius*! yes, I mourn him Gods!
 As if I had met my Father in the dark,
 And striving for the way had murder'd him.
 Oh such a faithful Friend! that when he knew
 I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,
 Yet then he ran his heart upon his Sword,
 And gave a Fatal proof of dying Love. (pose,

Max. 'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my pur-
 Else at my entrance with a brutal Blow,
 I'd fell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,
 Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your hour,
 As if when ere Fate call'd a *Cæsar* home,
 The Judging Gods lookt down to mark his Dying.

Emp. Oh subtil Traitor! how he dallies with me!
 Think not, thou sawcy Counsellour, my Slave,
 Tho' at this moment I should feel thy Foot
 Upon my Neck, and sword within my Bowels,
 That I would ask a Life from thee. No Villain,

When

When once the Emperour is at thy command,
 Power, Life and Glory must take leave for ever.
 Therefore prepare the utmost of thy Malice ;
 But to torment thee more, and shew how little
 All thy Revenge can do, appears to *Cesar*.
 Would the Gods raise *Lucina* from the Grave,
 And fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,
 Before thy face, I'd ravish her again.

Max. Hark, hark ! *Aretus* and the Legions come.

Emp. Come all, *Aretus*, and the rebel Legions ;
 Let *Æcius* too part from the Gaol of Death,
 And run the flying Race of Life again.
 I'll be the foremost still, and snatch fresh Glory
 To my last Gasps, from the contending World ;
 Garlands and Crowns too shall attend my Dying ;
 Statues and Temples, Altars shall be rais'd
 To my great Name, while your more vile Inscriptions
 Time rots, and mouldring Clay is all your Portion.

Enter Aretus and Souldiers. They kill the Emperour.

Max. Lead me to death or empire, which you please,
 For both are equal to a ruin'd Man :
 But, Fellow-Souldiers, if you are my Friends,
 Bring me to death, that I may there find peace,
 Since Empire is too poor to make amends
 For half the Losses I have Undergone,
 A true Friend and a tender faithful Wife,
 The two blest Miracles of humane Life.
 Go now and seek new Worlds to add to this,
 Search Heav'n for Blessings to enrich the Gift,
 Bring Power and Pleasure on the Wings of Fame,
 And heap this Treasure upon *Maximus*,
 You'll make a great Man not a happy one ;
 Sorrows so just as mine must never end,
 For my Love ravish'd, and my murder'd Friend.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPI.

Epilogue.

Written by a Person of Quality.

TIS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,
'Twould bring in question else our Author's sence.
Two monstrous things, produc'd for this our Age,
And no where to be seen but on the Stage.
A Woman ravish'd, and a great Man wise,
Nay honest too, without the least disguise.
Another Character deserves great blame,
A Cuckold daring to revenge his shame.
Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, wanting wit,
Angry when all true Englishmen submit,
Witness the Horns of the well-headed Pit. }
Tell me ye fair ones, pray now tell me, why
For such a fault as this to bid me die.
Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey, }
'Twould spoil our Audience for the next New Play, }
Too many wanting, who are here to day.
For I suppose if e'er that hapned to ye,
'Twas force prevailed ye said he would undo ye.
Struggling, cried out, but all alas in vain,
Like me ye underwent the killing pain.
Did you not pity me, lament each groan,
When left with the wild Emperor alone?
I know in thought ye kindly bore a part,
Each had her Valentinian in her heart.

FINIS.

